

SONGS OF SEA



AND



OTHER THINGS

INTRODUCTION

It seems that the older officers' wives are more familiar with favorite flying songs than are the younger pilots. Military songs, both a tradition and an inspiration through the years, provide a valuable history lesson for the younger pilots. It is for that history that these songs are offered. Many of the songs currently popular with today's birdmen were sung by their fathers, uncles, or grandfathers in the First World War and have subsequently appeared in various forms. Some have their origins in even earlier wars long before the advent of the airplane. Some of the SONGS of SEA were written as recently as 1968.

WARNING WARNING WARNING

This is a "word of warning". A warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are the songs that are sung by flying officers and men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of the lyrics were adapted to the Vietnam and Korean "situations" after becoming popular in World War II, and at least one or two were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg. It follows, therefore, that they are not a product of a particular degenerate age. They are instead, as they always have been, an integral part of military life in the field; no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, or the sorting of a buddy's personal effects for shipment home. You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

New editions will be published as more songs are written. If you have a favorite, send it in. Of special value are histories, credit for the original writers, etc. If you have any info, additions, or corrections send them to:

SONGS of SEA
Box KK
Del Rio, Texas 78840

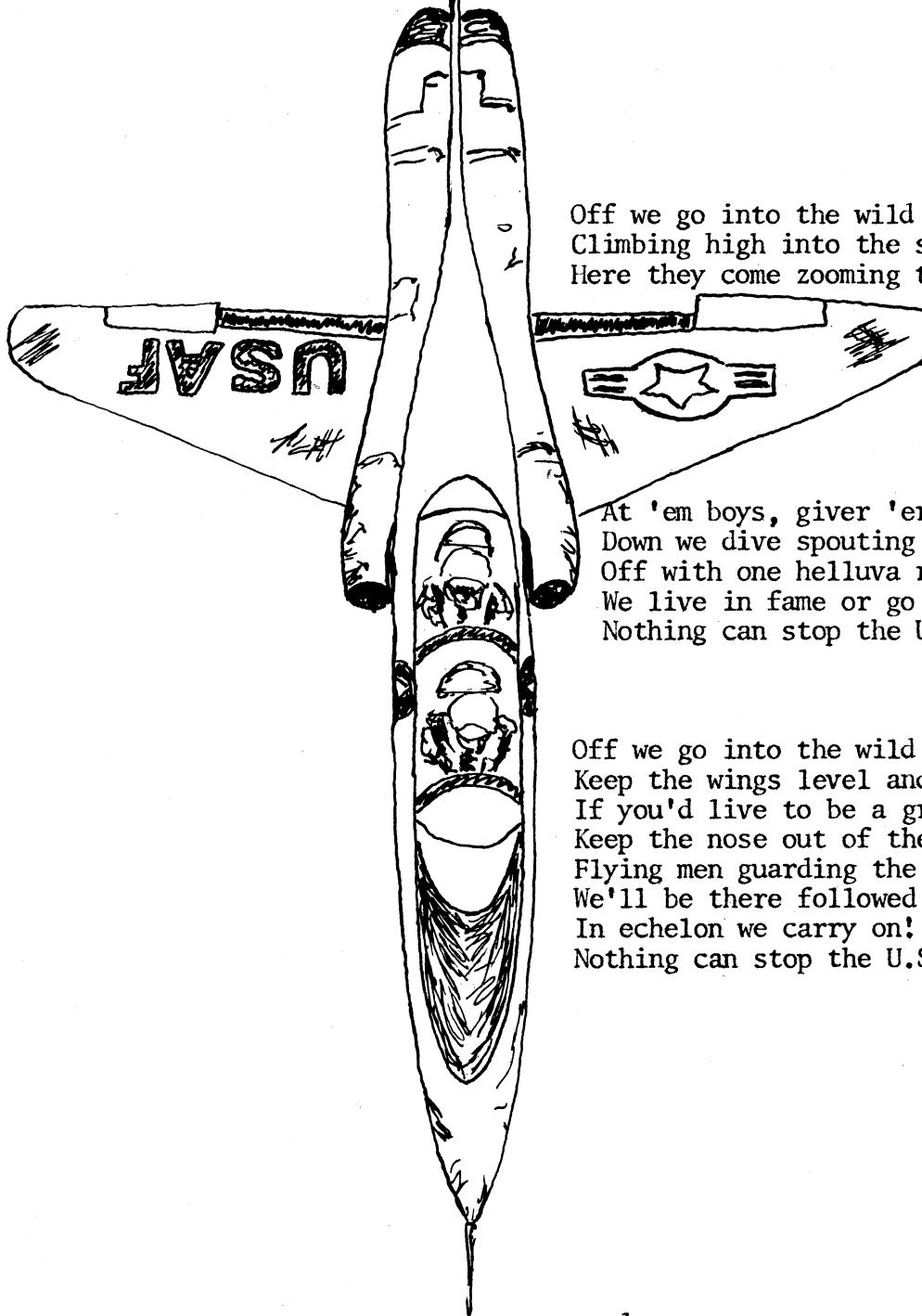
Additional copies (complete with Stag Bar Supplement) for only \$2.50 money order plus .25 for postage and handling.

Write SONGS of SEA for volume discounts for fund raising purposes for your pilot class, squadron, etc.

HAPPY SINGING!!

THE U.S. AIR FORCE

Here's a toast to the host of those
Who love the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we will send a message
Of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast,
The U.S. Air Force!



Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,

At 'em boys, giver 'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from under
Off with one helluva roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue!
Flying men guarding the nation's borders,
We'll be there followed by more.
In echelon we carry on!
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

SONGS of SEA

Introduction

These are the songs of men who fly, fight, and die for their country. Some who have written and many who have sung these songs have done all three. Some who will sing them have done none of these things. It is so the latter will understand the former and aspire to the example set that this collection is offered.



This is the patch of the River Rats of the pilots, EWO's, and navigators who flew into the Red River Valley of North Vietnam. The river, running southeast out of China, bounded a hellacious concentration of flak, SAMs, and Migs. Hanoi, long a sanctuary for the enemy's rails, airfields, and supplies, always responded in full measure when the Thuds and Phantoms came to say hello. The line of hills northwest of Hanoi is known as Thud Ridge. It offered momentary haven from the guns and radar on the way in and out from Hanoi, and it became the final resting place for many a bird and many a pilot.

SONGS OF SEA

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THE DOUMER BRIDGE BLUES (1)

They got a little place just south of the Ridge
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge
You take the Migs--I'll take the flak
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at.

Struggled out of bed at half past three
Flight Surgeon said, "You look bad to me!"
Walked on down, down to the line. Crew chief said, "Baby, you're
lookin' fine". Come on, I'll show you where it's at.

Struggled up the ladder and strapped in tight
Crew chief said, "Hope to see you tonight."
Had some second thoughts about the mission ahead
Thinking 'bout my baby waiting back in bed.

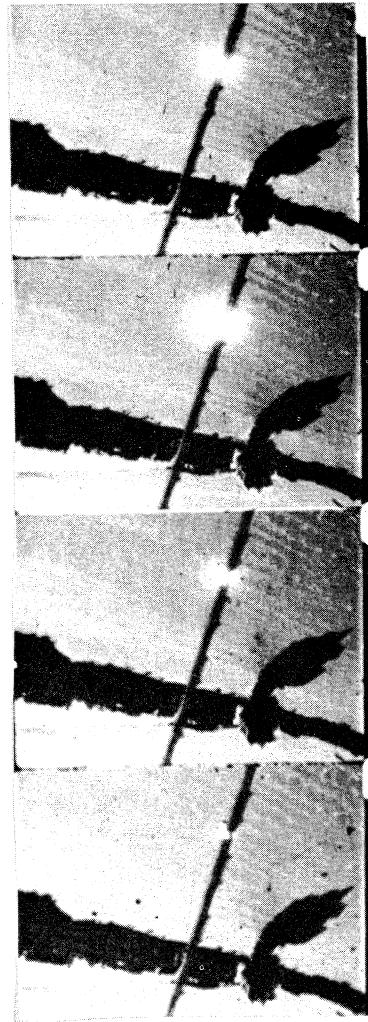
Shoved up the throttle, I was ready to go
Prayin' for some weather--hurricane or snow
Movin' down the runway in my heavy machine
Lookin' for the anchor tanker known as Green.

Found the anchor tanker and took on gas
No more easy counters like Mu Ghia Pass
Hyperventilating as we crossed the Red
Wishing all the more that I was back in bed.

The weather broke out with thirty miles to go
Hit the afterburner--I was going too slow
Guns started shooting and the SAMs came up
Beginning to wonder about my Six Alpha luck.

Saw the bridge ahead and rolled in fast
This fighter jock's career is all down in the past
Joined his drinking buddies in the Hall of Fame
Never will the fighter jocks forget his name.

They got a little place just south of the Ridge
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge
You take the Migs--I'll take the flak
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at.



This song was written in October 1967 by Captain Robert Middleton.
Bob flew an entire tour of 100 NVN missions while TDY from Japan. The Doumer
was first hit on 11 August 1967.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY (2)

To the valley he said he was flying, and he never saw the pay that he earned. Many jocks have flown into the valley, and a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission, tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing. But we're going to the Red River Valley, and today you are flying my wing.

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley that the Migs and the missiles we don't need. So fly high and down sun in the valley, and guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley, and the briefing that I gave you don't heed, They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton, and it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley. In the States it had always been fun, But with thunder and lightening all around us, 'twas the last AAR for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target. With his bombs and his rockets Drew a bead. But he never pulled out of the bomb run, 'twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefing. We will sit there and tickle the beads. For we're going to the Red River Valley, and my call sign today is TEAK lead!

Teak Flight suffered the loss of its leader several flights in succession. The call sign was finally retired, honored by those who had used it.

12 DAYS OF COMBAT (3)

On the first day of combat, the Air Force gave to me a pilot in a teak tree.

On the second day of combat two rocket pods.

On the third day. . . . three fuel tanks.

On the fourth day. . . . four GAR-8's.

On the fifth day. . . . five thousand pounders.

On the sixth day. . . . six seven-fifties.

On the seventh day of combat, Ho Chi gave to me seven SAMs a-singing.

On the eighth day of combat, Ho Chi. . . . eight flak sites firing.

On the ninth day of combat, Ho Chi. . . . nine Migs a-diving.

On the tenth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me ten Sandys searching.

On the eleventh day. . . . eleven choppers whirling.

On the twelfth day. . . . twelve days a-waiting.

POP GOES THE WEASEL (4)

Around and around the SAM site
The missile chased the Weasel.
Weasel got pissed, SAM got zapped
POP! goes the Weasel.

Lady Fingers did their job
Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian techs got all pissed off
POP! goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where
To roll in to displease 'em.
One more pass with HEI
POP! goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.
They show their ass, we shoot it off.
POP! goes the Weasel.

The Weasels in their 'F' model Thuds were usually first in, last out. Balls of brass and that big around!!

ON TOP OF THE POP UP (5)

(On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back,
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,
The missiles flashed by.
Sweet mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called, "I'm hit,"
"I'm going to bust."
Not one goddam elint
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to dad,
Forget about jinkin'
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far,
It's a long walk to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI (6)

(Winchester Cathedral)

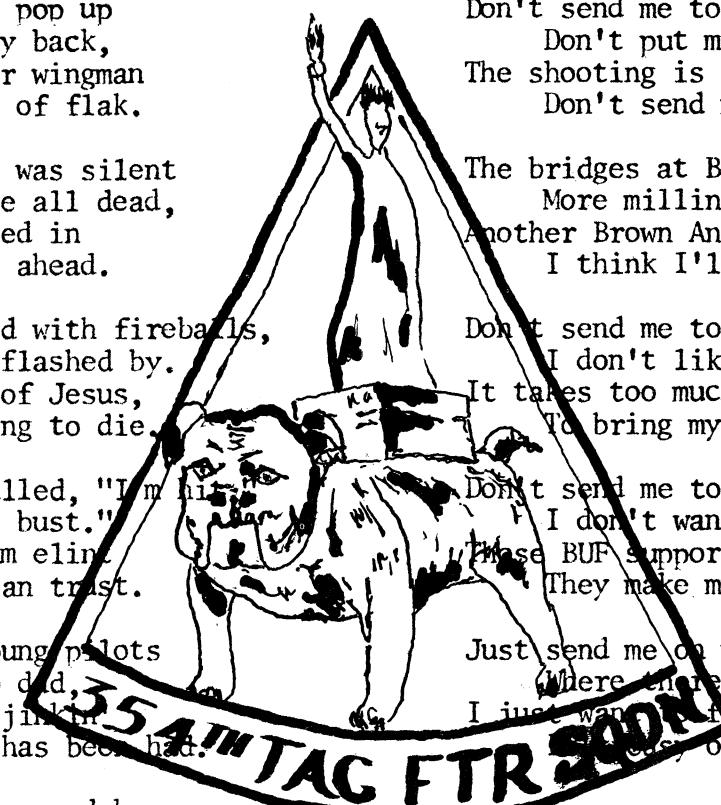
Don't send me to Hanoi
Don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there,
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,
More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor,
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bai,
I don't like that flak.
It takes too much damn gas
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,
I don't want to get none.
Please BUF support missions
They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs
Where there are no big guns.
I just want to fly where
I can easy on my Bear.



WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE (7)

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've all gone to Vietnam.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
They've all become Viet Cong.
When will we ever learn;
When will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the VC gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the VC gone?
To fix the bridges that we bomb.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go?
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
They've been down, oh, so, long.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flights go?
'Cross the fence again, I know.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Along the railroad, oh, so long.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the old heads gone?
They've gone home, their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned;
Oh, yes, they've finally learned.

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY (8)

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five,
Through the flak we fly,
Trying to stay alive.
The SAMs destroy our calm,
The Migs come up to play,
What fun is it to strafe and bomb
The T.R.V. today?

Heads up Ho Chi Minh,
The Fives are on their way.
Your luck it has give in,
There's going to be hell to pay.
Today it is our turn,
To make you gawk and stare.
What fun it is to watch things burn
and blow up everywhere!!!

CHORUS

CBU's, Mark 82's, 750's too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

OUR LEADERS (9)

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack.
But now that we're in combat
We got Colonels on our back.
And every time we say, Shit Hot!
Or whistle in the bar,
We have to answer to someone
Looking for a star.

(CHORUS Manana)

Our leaders, our leaders,
Our leaders is what they always say.
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one
And the jocks were scared as hell.
They ran to meet us with a beer,
And tell us we were swell.
But Recce took the BDS
And said we missed a hair.
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
From the wheels in Second Air.

They send us out in bunches
To bomb a bridge and die.
These tactics are for bombers
That our leaders used to fly.
The bastards don't trust our Colonel
Up in Wing so I guess
We have to leave the thinking
To the wheels in J.C.S.

The J.C.S. are generals
And they're not always right.
They sometimes think things over
Well into the night.
When they have a question
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgement
To that money saving Mac!

Now Mac's job is in danger,
For he's on salary too.
To be the final say so
Is something he can't do.
Before we fly each mission
And everything is O.K.
He has to get permission from
Flight Leader L.B.J.!!!

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS (10)

(When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

One hundred missions we have flown, aha, aha.
One hundred missions we have flown, aha, aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, aha, aha.
From one to one hundred we did count, aha, aha.
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one-half or more don't count.

But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

~~They said they'd give us combat pay, ana, aha.~~

~~They said they'd give us combat pay, ana, aha.~~

They said they'd give us combat pay
And then the bastards took it away.
But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takli, aha, aha.

We're Iron Hands from old Takli, aha, aha.

We're Iron Hands from old Takli,

Our hearts beat fast we think we'll pee.

But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, aha, ana.

The Weasels fly around alone, ana, aha.

The Weasels fly around alone,

With half a flight they head for home.

But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, aha, aha.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, aha, aha.

The force rolls in amidst the flak,

One-half or more won't make it back.

But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive aha, aha.

Not many will return alive, aha, aha.

Not many will return alive

Who flew the bloody one-oh-five.

But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE (11)

(The Strawberry Roan)

I was hanging 'round Ops in this sweaty clime,
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack of time
When up walks this Colonel and says, "I suppose
You're a trained killer by the looks of your clothes."
Well, I looked him up once and I looked him down twice.
I could tell by his sneer, he weren't thinkin' nice.
So, I said in a voice that was shakin' with fear,
"I am your man if you buy the beer."

The Colonel then said, "I've a place in mind
Where you can go if you are not blind.
They've flak and Migs and SAMs and such,
I need a man that's good in the clutch."

I get all het up and ask what I'd get,
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit
I told him I'd go 'cause they haven't found
A target in hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.
Then he stops by a "Nickle" tied up in twine.
"This is your bird, now get on your way."
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn my pay.
I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief shout,
"The oil pressure's low, the water don't work,
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk."

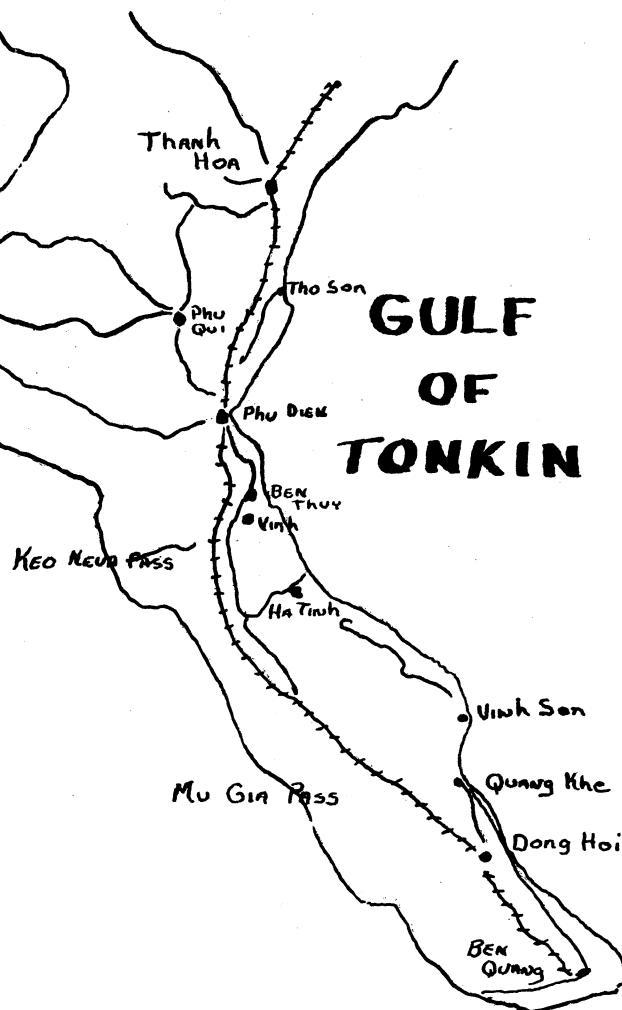
I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.
Well I take on off at two hundred per,
I got two on the wings and a full loaded MER.
I struggle on up to ten thousand feet,
Send down the tankers or we'll never meet.
Well I take on my gas and head out on course.
I call for a steer until I am hoarse.

But Lion is down and Invert won't say
And Brigham says I'm not going his way
Well, I'm off on my own and all for the best
Those bastards don't know the East from the West.
Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look for the bridge,
They said it was South but it's East of the ridge.
I roll in on my run, it looks easy as pie,
'Til the flak starts burstin' and coverin' the sky.

I coolly compute all the mills I will need,
And calmly adjust both angle and speed.
I check my drift and with the bridge in my sight
I mash on the button and pull off to the right.
Well, I check back at six and I see this big bird,
He's a closin' in fast and he's sure riding herd.
As he flashes by there's a red star on each side,
It must be a Mig and there's no place to hide.

CHORUS

Oh, that Thanh Hoa Bridge
Oh, that Thanh Hoa Bridge
They've flak and missiles
You're some sitting duck
At downing good pilots
They've had lots of luck
Oh, that Thanh Hoa Bridge.



THE THANH HOA BRIDGE cont'd

I head for the deck with all that she's got,
 When along comes this SAM-My God! I've been shot!
 While I'm drifting down in my 'chute all alone
 I'm finally convinced that I'm no smoking stone.
 I'm wishin' I was back in Kansas right now
 With a face full of horseshit, my hand on the plow,
 But that ain't so and I'm down in the drink.
 A day like today can sure make a man think!

Just think. . .We used to
 do all this for Mom, and home
 and apple pie, and Nip, and
 Lanong, and Sumchai, and. . . .

UP IN THAT VALLEY (12)

Up in that valley
 That valley so low
 Where the Sam missiles flourish
 And the 85's glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant
 The Hanoi rail yard,
 The bridges at Bac Giang,
 They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands they mill right
 And the strike pilots flail.
 The Migs try to bounce us,
 But they always fail.

The Mig Cap, he hollers,
 "There's bandits at twelve!"
 "Launch!", screams the Weasel.
 It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'
 Right next to my hide.
 All I can hear is,
 "You're tailing behind."

He's down on the bomb run
 The target's in sight
 "Sweet Jesus", I'm thinking
 "I'd better break right".
 Good-bye to that valley,
 So long to Takhli.
 Don't bust your ass bud
 I'm going home free.

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,
 What a beautiful sight.
 Oh, shit! I just noticed
 An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,
 I know I'm not dead.
 Please God, get this old Thud
 Just out past the Red.

If I can just get past
 That muddy old slough,
 The Sandys and Jollys
 Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven
 And now I can boast,
 The rest I can finish
 Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,
 Although I must say,
 Often I've seen it
 Where they saved the day.

Up in that valley
 That valley of grief
 I hope all your flights there
 Will always be brief.



WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY? (My Indiana Home)

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor,
And the 85's start puffing at Kep Hay,
You will know your target's just around the mountain,
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

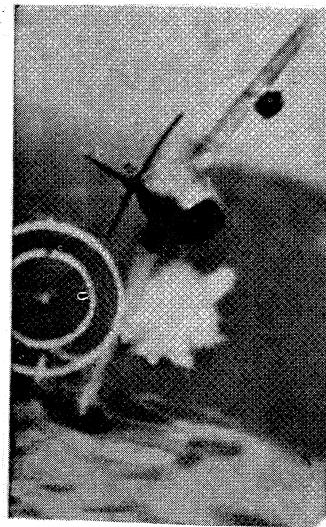
Oh, you reach your pull up point and start your pop up,
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge and as you start your roll in,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running,
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're resting easy,
A drink of water helps you on your way,
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know,
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving down, you're running,
But his overtake is much too great today,
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin,
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play!!



REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG (14)

(Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the jingle, the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway, by the Bak-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat, and ugly; she's really quite a dog,
She's known around the country as Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell.
He'll always be remembered down in Fighter Pilot's Hell.
He frags all the targets and sends us out to die,
He sends us into combat in Republic's 105.

Listen to the jingle, the gruntin', and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the Bak-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

Like all pilots, Thud drivers reserve the right to bad mouth their own bird,
and everybody else's. Of course, these rights belong to no one else! The Thud is
something like a Greyhound bus-on a long, downhill straightaway nothing can catch it.

THE THUD DRIVERS THEME (15)

(Whiffenpoof Song)

From a hootch in Southeast Asia,
To the place where aces dwell,
To the strip club down at Zuke
We knew so well.

Sing the fighter jocks assembled
With their glasses raised on high.
Sing they poorly, not too clearly,
Loud as well.

We will throw our glasses wildly,
And throw our bombs as well,
And the finks in Two A. D.
Can go to hell.

chorus

We are poor fighter jocks
Who have lost our way
Help! Help! Help!
We flew to the town
Of Hanoi today.
Help! Help! Help!
Lead got zapped by an SA-2
Let's haul ass or they'll
Zapp us too.
A....B....NOW!!!



The 'bears', the EWO's who rode the back seats of the F-105F's, rank high in the estimation of all who flew north. A calm call of, "No threats." did a lot for us strike pilots.

BOOZIN' BUDDIES(16)

A fighter pilot lay dying,
The medics had left him for dead.
All around him women were crying,
And these were the words that he said.

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach.
Take the burner out of my brain.
Take the turbine out of my kidney.
And assemble the unit again.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin'.
We are the boys they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin'.

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout,
Talking of things they know fuck all about.
Where are the wheels when the Migs are about?
Bosom buddies while boozin'.
Bosom buddies while boozin'.
Bosom buddies while boozin'.

WILD WEASEL (17)

(Sweet Betsy from Pike)

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.
I fly up on Thud Ridge and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide 'hind the hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

Some weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.
But don't worry fellows, for threats there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.
There's flak all around us. They're shooting, and how!
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's at eight.
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.
A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned
brown.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.
The missile's at two boys; now watch it sail by.
There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.
Set 'em up hot boys, and we'll nail his ass.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear.

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.
One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.
And over those damned hills I'll never more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

WINGMAN'S LAMENT (18)

(Sweet Betsy From Pike)

We turned the Red and lead said, "Push it up."
 I used my burner and couldn't keep up.
 I was dragging behind; it sure ain't no fun.
 I said, "Leader, leader, oh please, give me one."
 I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Flying above us were several F-4's.
 They're 'bout as useful as tits on a boar.
 They brief in the air and they pull other pranks,
 Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop tanks.
 I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

We hit Cho Moi and then turned on our run.
 The gunners below uncovered their guns.
 I tell you the weather up there can change fast
 From clear and fifteen to a black overcast.
 I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Lead passed the target before he rolled in
 With 300 knots: a capital sin.
 And try though I did, and I tried as I pleased,
 I had 400 knots and 20 degrees.
 I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

I rolled in and lit a fresh cigarette.
 A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat.
 A damned golden BB met up with my plane.
 Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the game.
 I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

P-1 and P-2 fall down through the red.
 I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead.
 The slab and the stick, they soon separated.
 By the finger of fate, I have been mated.
 I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

The living at Hilton ain't very good.
 I find the quarters as bad as the food.
 The waiters, they give us a whole lot of lip.
 But we don't have to pay, we don't have to tip.
 I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

So listen, my friends, if you're flying today,
 Keep it high, keep it fast, is what I say.
 Keep up with your leader, but still, just the same,
 You bet your own ass, is the name of the game.
 I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home

HALLELUJAH (19)

I was cruising at six angels
 In my Foxtrot 105
 Thinking 'bout the Poo-Ying
 Back in the Takhli dive,
 When a sudden burst of ack-ack
 Was all around the sky.

Chorus

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Here's a tanker full of gas
 To save a fighter pilot's ass.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Put your gas-hole on the boom
 And you'll be saved.

So I squawked my parrot mayday
 And called up GCI,
 Asking for a tanker
 To keep me in the sky.
 Well, the Airman-third controller
 Said, "Please don't go away.
 Let me call up Seventh
 To see if it's okay."

Then a friendly tanker pilot
 Called out, "Fighter jock, no sweat,
 I've got half a jug of coffee,
 So I'm not bingo yet.
 If you get a vector to me
 I'll be glad to pass some gas.
 Turn your twenty mike-mike off,
 And don't shoot up my ass."

It was really getting hairy
 As I sped my old Thud south.
 I could feel the cotton rising
 All inside my mouth.
 Then I saw the silver tanker
 And gave a happy shout.
 Then I saw the drogue behind,
 And started punching out.



I WANTED WINGS (20)

(SEA Version)

I've spent some time alive
Twenty years and four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.
I went to pilot school,
Learned the rones and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get ungraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief.
The dirty sons-of-bitches
Filled it with three-hundred switches,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

To keep my bod' alive
They taught me to survive
At a place nestled in the hills.
They fed me porcupine,
And other goodies fine;
Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it.
They said I'd graduated.
Well, buddy, if that's livin'
I think that I'll just give in,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's raining.
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

I don't want to stay,
But I cannot get away.
In Hanoi they all love a parade.
Each day we take a walk
Through Hanoi Central Park,
Not dressed in too much style,
I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas
Dress us all in black pajamas,
Spectators, they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes
spit there,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

You can have your 105.
I'd much rather stay alive.
The lousy afterburner
Gets you north just that much sooner,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

These lines are in jest;
Thud drivers are the best,
At flyin', fight'n', chasin' women too
The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over.
They lie beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we'll not forget their names,
Buster.

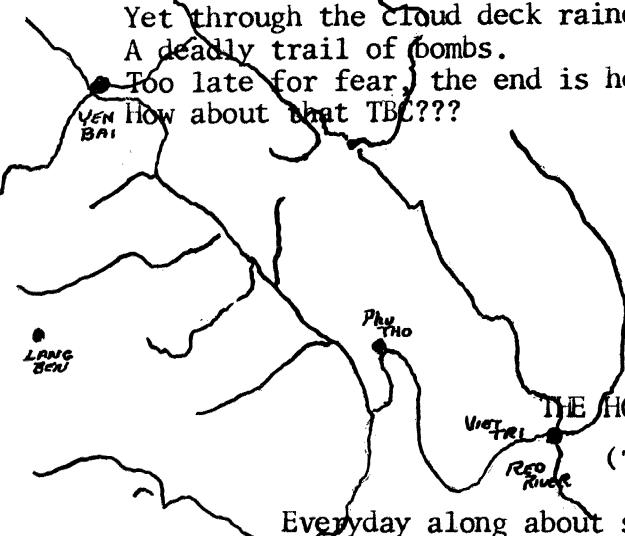
They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well,
They can split-S down to hell,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

OH, LITTLE TOWN OF HO CHI MINH (21)

Oh, little town of Ho Chi Minh
How safe you think you lie.
Beneath your ring of SA-2's
You think the "Fives" won't fly.
Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs.
Too late for fear, the end is here.
How about that TBC???



F-105 ALMA MATER (22)

High above the Kansas flat lands
In their brand new toys
Fly a bunch of frightened ham hands
McConnell School for Boys.

Off to battle led like cattle
They are heard to sigh,
To the port of embarkation
Follow me and die.

Found this at the first stateside River Rat gathering at Wichita, 1969. Author??

THE HO CHI MINH TRAIL (23)

(The Navajo Trail)

Everyday along about sunrise when the sky line is beginning to pale
I load six seven-fifties and fly the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

I hate to see the flak a burstin' 'round me,
I shiver when I think about its sting.
But over yonder hill the SAMs are rising,
They always seem to yank my pucker string.

Well, what do you know, it's Bingo already,
And two-hundred's the course that I sail.
Tomorrow I'll load more seven-fifties and fly the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

THE BATTLE OF 18.23 (24)

(Battle of New Orleans)

To 18.23 we took a little flight,
On J.C.S. direction we carried on the
fight.
We took some "Baby Hueys" and we took a
Weasel too,
And we bombed that bloody bridge until
the pieces flew.

CHORUS

Oh, they fired their guns and the "Fives"
kept a comin'
Though there wasn't nigh as many as there
was a while ago.
They fired their missiles as the "Fives"
began their run
On that bloody fuckin' bridge in the
valley far below.

Oh, we lost four ships and the men in
them too,
Before we dropped a span in the muddy
fucking goo.
We tried it twice by land and we tried
it twice by sea,
The J.C.S. were so happy, they giggled
in their glee.

Now 18.23 will never more be used,
Once they decided how the bombs should
be fused.
There's no time for joy and no time
for sorrow.
The bastards have another and it's
fragged for tomorrow!!

(Strawberry Roan)

I was hangin' 'round Ops, just spendin' my time;
 Off of the schedule, not earnin' a dime.
 A Colonel comes up and he says "I suppose
 You fly a fighter, from the cut of your clothes."

He figgers me right, "I'm a good one." I say.
 "Do you happen to have me a target today?"
 Says yes he does, a real easy one.
 "No sweat, my boy, it's an old time Milk Run."

I gits all excited and asks where it's at.
 He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat.
 "It's three-fifty miles to the northwest of home,
 A small, peaceful hamlet that's known as Tchepone."
 (Ah, you'll sure love Tchepone!)
 I go get my G-suit and strap on my gun,
 Helmet, and gloves, out the door on the run.
 Fire up my Phantom and take to the air.
 Two's tucked in tight and we haven't a care.

In forty-five minutes we're over the town.
 From twenty-eight thousand we're screamin' on down.
 Arm up the switches and dial in the mils,
 Rack up the wings, and roll in for the kill.

We feel a bit sorry for folks down below.
 Of destruction that's comin' they surely don't know.
 But the thought passes quickly, we know a war's on,
 And on down we scream toward peaceful Tchepone.
 (Unsuspecting, peaceful Tchepone.)

Release altitude, and the pipper's not right.
 I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight.
 I pickle those beauties at two-point five grand,
 Startin' my pull when it all hits the fan.

A black puff in front, and then two off the right;
 Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight.
 There's small arms and tracers and heavy ack-ack.
 It's scattered to broken with all kinds of flak.

I jink hard to left and head out for the blue;
 My wingman says, "Lead! They're shooting at you!"
 "No Bull!" I cry as I point it toward home.
 And still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone.
 (Dirty, deadly Tchepone!)

I make it back home with six holes in my bird.
 With the Colonel who sent me I'd sure like a word.
 But he's nowhere around, though I look near and far.
 He's gone back to Seventh to help run the war.

TCHEPONE cont'd.

I've been 'round this country for many a day;
I've seen the things that they're throwin' my way.
I know that there's places I don't like to go,
Down in the Delta and in Tally-Ho,
But I'll bet all my flight pay the Jock ain't been born
Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone!

160 VC IN THE OPEN (26)

I've got a hundred and 60 VC in the open,
And 10 or 20 North Vietnamese,
Got to get some air, put a strike down there,
Before that they can make it to the trees.

I've got 160 VC in the open,
It's a target that you don't get every day,
So I call the DASC and I quickly ask,
To please get the fighters on their way.

Number 1 should have a gun,
And a load of what we call incendi-gel,
Send number 2 with CBU,
When they get here we can really give 'em Hell.

I've got 160 VC in the open,
I've got a flight of F-100's up above,
I've got my Willy Pete smoking at their feet,
It's the kind of situation that I love.



ARMED RECCE (27)

(The Fastest Gun Around)

In the skies of Southeast Asia,
Where the fighter pilots dwell,
There's a mission that you'll fly a lot,
You'll get to know it well.

They call it armed reconnaissance,
And you fly it fast and low,
In the southern part of package one,
That's known as Tally-Ho.

You've briefed on the defenses,
All along the route you'll fly,
You're scared but still you've gotta go,
And so you take the sky.

You get pre-strike refueling and,
You take the flight on down,
You cross the coast at Butterfly,
And start to move around.

You head it North up Route 1-A,
The road looks clean and bare,
But a truck is mighty hard to see
From one mile in the air.

You know you've got to take it down,
Though your heart is in your mouth,
Now dead ahead's the Ferry,
That's the point you'll turn her South.

And it's right there that your heart stops,
As you see the thing you dread,
The triple A is coming up,
It fills the sky ahead.

You fake a turn off to the left,
You break hard up and right,
Your wingman's in with CBU,
And it's a pretty sight.

That tomorrow is another day,
And once again you'll go,
To the southern part of Package One,
To recce Tally-Ho.

And now you're heading South again,
And really moving 'round,
To make a tougher target for,
The gunners on the ground.

And now you see the convoy,
Sitting still beside the road,
You arm up all the switches,
And prepare to dump your load.

You touch off afterburner,
Popping up into the sun,
You keep the convoy in your sight,
And start to make your run.

Then the gunners start to shoot again,
You see the flak ahead,
Then the bursts are all around you,
And the sky is filled with lead.

You can't go left you can't go right,
The flak is all around,
So you keep the convoy in your sight,
And keep on boring down.

You pickle off your bomb load,
You pull and trust to luck,
That the triple A will miss you,
And your bombs will hit the truck.

But the flak is coming closer,
And your eyes are filled with tears,
Before you make the coastline,
You have aged a hundred years.

Then suddenly you're out of it,
The water's down below,
Breathe easy now but don't relax,
Cause sure as hell you know.

The preceding three songs are from
SONGS OF THE IN-COUNTRY WAR by
Captain Toby Hughes, 12th TFW
Cam Ranh Bay AB, RVN

I'm sitting in a loaded F-105 fighter-bomber watching the strike force stir itself alive. All night small bits have been twitching; power carts rumbling; the supply and fuel and bomb dumps pumping vitality into the muscles of the th Tactical Fighter Wing. But, while the body and force of the Wing has slept and turned during the night, its brains and intelligence waked and worked; planned blows against rails and bridges.

Even the pilots, sleeping hours before, flew in their dreams each turn, and roll, and bomb release. And each imagined in his dreams his ship being torn by flak. As his alarm clock sounds he's released from dreams of death and an hour later listens to it planned and plotted and twists a smile at the knowing that others plot his end.

Then they go to their birds and prod and kick and query, "How is she this morning?" "Ready to go?"

"Yes, sir!" "Fueled and loaded." "Big go, sir?" "Drop one on 'em for me!" "Last three flights-no write-ups."

"Hey, new tires!"

"Yes, sir."

"Guess I'll have to make a good landing, huh?"

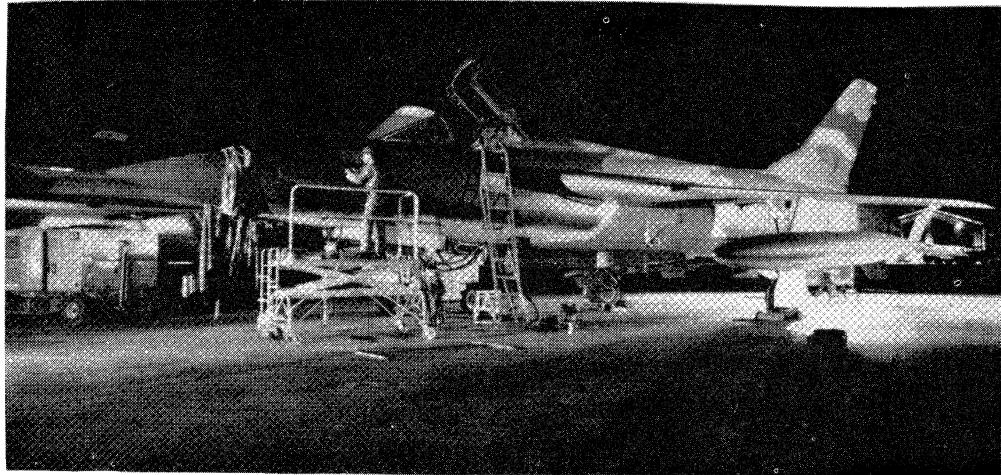
Fuel, switches, power, "Cranking up!"

And the flight line roars with a giant's yawn and trembles at its stretching. Foul breath from exhausts and power carts and starting cartridges soon clears. All circuits tested. Taxi lightfooted past the sleeping cargo planes. Then race the engine to scorn their idle life.

Now, at the runway. Thumbs up! A shake and flex of flight controls.

And roll! And fly!! And fight!!! And....die.

Written in the cockpit of a Thud while sitting spare in the arming area at Tauhli, September 1967.



And it came to pass that before the sun was risen, the night orderly went forth out of his place to the abode of the Birdmen and roused them each in his turn. And he retreated in haste, for he was wise in the ways of the Birdmen.

And the birdmen cursed him loud and long, for his tidings were of no great joy. For the Sweep cometh they knew, and only the keen were glad. And the keen were few.

And the keen grew fewer at the fourth hour of the day.

And there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and great unhappiness in that place.

And a fear for their commissions was in them.

And they went.

And as they went there cometh unto them he of the great intellect who was known as the I.O. (Intelligence Officer).

But he was known by other names also.

And one of the Birdmen said unto him: "What is this thou hast done unto me? Wherefore hast thou beguiled me?"

And the I.O. said: "Thus is it done in our country."

And holding up a ribbon of blue and gold he spake:

"Fulfill this week and we will give thee this also for the service which thou shalt serve us another seven years."

But the Birdmen trundleth off saying: "What manner of poppycock is this whereof he speaketh? The law of averages getteth us in the end. So be it."

"Verily, verily," sayeth the others, "Amen."

For they were not happy in the service that day and the pouches of their eyes giveth witness.

And they went to the Holy of Holies called Planning Room.

And as they entered therein, each in his turn looketh upon the wall which hath the map.

And behold, they looketh at the handwriting on the wall, for such it is.

And after each looketh at the lines thereon they sayeth one to another, "This cannot be."

But soon one cometh among them known as Lead who sayeth, "It is so."

And all is quiet as the tomb of the prophet.

And he gathereth his flock unto his bosom and speaketh earnestly of courses and of times and of "P" for pod.

And they looketh upon his countenance but comprehendeth him not.

But he is wise and comprehendeth for them all.

Then he sayeth, pointing to the map:

"Behold this heap, this pillar which I have cast between thee and the SAMs. This heap be witness and this pillar be witness that I shall not pass over this heap to them least the SAMs cometh up. For "CROWN" maketh not light of early reveille."

And all that were there waggled their heads with gusto, saying, "Verily, it is so."

And then Lead sendeth messengers before him to his brother in the land of Phantom.

"Forsooth," sayeth he, "the spads will be welcome ere the sun seteth this day."

And it came to pass that he knew whereof he spake.

And Seventh telleth them, "Begone, for the hour of pressing draws nigh."

And thus they goeth to the jeeps and the jeeps to the dispersals.

And some goeth to the small house in panic.

And others goeth to the big house in greater panic.

And the head Birdman chooseth his flock for the day and some he husbandeth for yet another day.

And those who goeth are called ones and twos and are given names by which each knoweth the other.

And the No. 1 shareth his jamocoa with the No. 2 saying, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are close one to the other."

"And letteth not they bird to wander, for truly he that goeth alone treadeth the Valley of Shadow, and shall fear evil."

And it came to pass that each of the Birdmen went forth to his bird and was amazed at what was contained thereon.

But at the hour of pressing, each of the winged monsters draweth the breath of life and thundereth forth in power and majesty; save one which goeth not.

Thus he stayeth home and writeth the necessary forms.

But all else goeth to the proper place to fly away and he of the Tower sendeth them off.

And all flyeth off save one who prangeth for lack of afterburner.

"Woe betide him who prangeth," sayeth the words of the prophet, "for he curseth himself and his children and his children's children."

And the Birdmen went on their journey and come to the land of the people of the North, and all was not serene.

And he who is known as "MOTEL" talketh to all of Alpha and Golph and diverse other knowledge.

But the others ignore him, thinking he speaketh of the balloon barrage and chuckleth to themselves.

And it came to pass that the Thuds were clobbered beyond the heap as was the custom in those days.

But all was serene with our Birdmen.

And everyone sayeth, "Thou has a MIG on thy tail!"

And each of the Birdmen goeth this way and that way to see whereof he speaketh and each is lost unto the other.

Some goeth in small circles, some proceedeth in large, and all are very wroth, for there were in that place the minnions of Ho, and the valley was dark with their jury.

And lo, there cometh those that were known as SAMs, and the firmament containeth their passage.

For all about was the mark of their coming and yet even the mark of their going.

And many were the pillars of fire that speaketh of the end of their journey.

For such was the jury the Birdmen knoweth not fear for the "85", and there were many; nor for the "57", and there were more; nor even yet for the "37", and of these there were more.

And there was in that place much pulling and pushing, for the Birdmen careth neither for the negative nor for the positive but putteth upon their craft such "G" as might be wrought, and so they did.

And one sayeth, "Where art thou, BEAR 2?"

And the other answereth, "Home, for my cockpit hath smoke."

And yet another talketh of homings.

And "MOTEL" sayeth, "Whence be ye? For 'tis time the 66's (for as such they were known in those days) be gathered together and shepherded to the waters."

But the others heareth him not, or heedeth him not, for each thinketh only of getting the hell out of that place.

And they goeth home by diverse routes, each roosting in his own good time.

And again they gathereth unto the Holy of Holies where Leader telleth them of the bad show.

And giveth them hell in general.

So be it.

By Captain Joe Matthews

AND OTHER PLACES

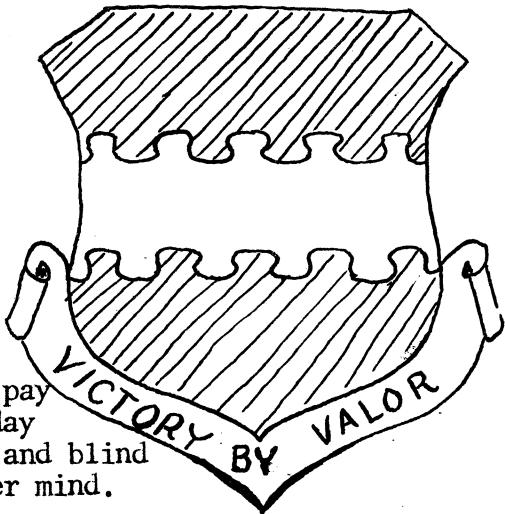
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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

Lt. Joseph Crehore

Lt. Joseph Crehore, my best friend and roommate, was recalled to active duty with the 131 TFS, Mass ANG, during the Berlin buildup in 1961. Joe or "Mighty Joe" as he was often called was a dynamic personality whose potential was hardly realized. He was never at loss for a song and in fact led many impromptu serenades in such places as officers' clubs, night clubs and French railroad stations. His own choral creation "There was a Little Bird" was always the Grand Finale and never failed to bring sighs of admiration from Tripoli to Westfield. It is to Joe and all other typical fighter pilots that this section is dedicated.

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COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE (1)

Come on and join the Air Force, and get your flying pay
 You never have to work at all, just fly around all day
 While others toil and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
 We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
 Oh, come and join the Air Force
 And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
 You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
 But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
 The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind!

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear
 You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
 For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
 You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, and you will never mind!

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
 You see your prop come to a stop, the God Damn engine's quit
 The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
 Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind!

I fly up to the Yalu in my F-eighty-six
 And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX
 I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
 It will be up there all by itself 'cause I will shit and git!

Oh, someday you'll meet a MiG-15, he'll shoot you down in flames
 No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
 You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
 You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind!

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
 About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham
 We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
 And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

(It is interesting to note that the version appearing in "Songs of the Army Flyers" which was published in 1935 and those in the books published during the Korean War are practically identical. Instead of a Fokker shooting you down, it's a MiG-15. The verses above are from the following books: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "GI SONGS" "Songs of the Army Flyers," "Songs of Nellis AFB," "Songs of the 357th.")



STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN (2)

(She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty thousand over Pyong Yang on Northwest
Gas mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at last the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
Syngman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo Tower, this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading one-five-two to K-2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

("Songs of the 8th Fighter
Wing" by Lt. "Rosie"
Rosencrans)

FIGHTER PILOTS (3)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full of queers
Navigators, Bombadiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay
Being shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

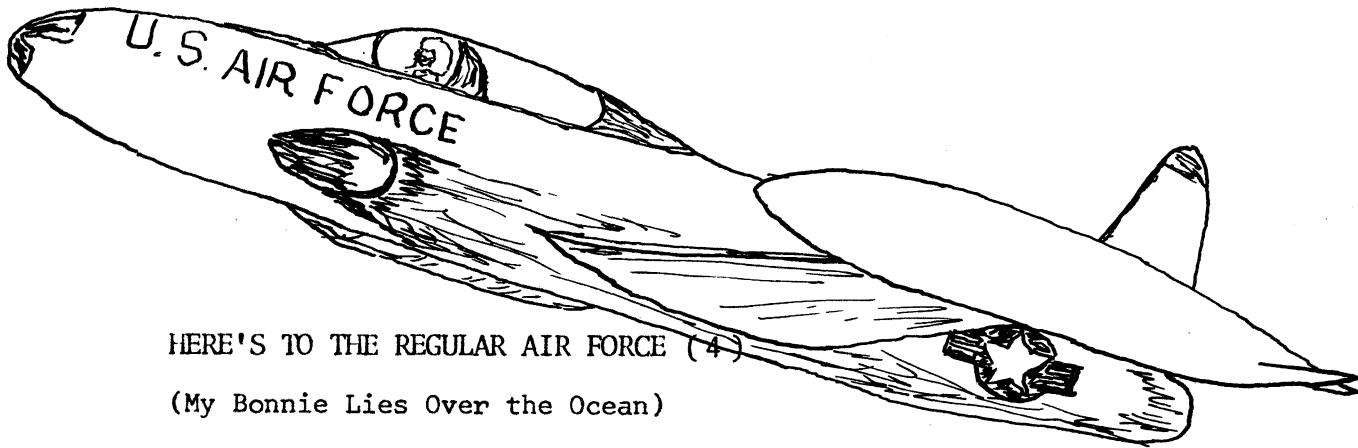
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
Reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

Oh look at (class) in the club
Oh look at (class) in the club
They don't party, they don't sing
(class) does everything
Oh look at the (class) in the club!

When a ~~bomber~~ jockey walks into our club
When a ~~bomber~~ jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!



HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE (4)

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace times the regulars are happy
In peace times they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, Call out
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves!
Call out, Call out
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

Here's to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God damn reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on...
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on!

(The first verse and chorus of this song appear in "Songs of the Friendly 8th." Since they are sung to the same tune and are in the same spirit as the song from the 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing's "Repulsive Rhapsodies," they are hereby combined.)

THE COMMIES LAMENT (5)

(Clementine)

Once a flier, do or dier, in his faithful Sabre true
After bitchin, flew a mission, to the town of Sinianju
Still in flight, he saw some mighty Russian MIG's upon his tail
With a quiver, and a shiver, he let out an awful wail.

CHORUS: Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, Ah So Des
If you find me, never mind me,
I will be an awful mess.

Then a Mustang, went in bustin, just to see what he could do
But alas, he made a pass and that was all, they got him too
Thought an 80, I'm so great, he'll never get a shot at me
Wasn't gone long when his swan song
Sounded just like this to me.

Then a Thunder Jet who hadn't blundered yet
Thought he'd try it all alone
Like a blotter hit the water, shook the hand of Davey Jones
So the tally in MIG alley isn't quite like all the claims
But as a fair course to the Air Force
We won't mention any names.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS (6)

(Old 97)

He was comin' on the downwind doin' one ninety per
When his Hundred went into a spin
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
And his body all covered with gin.

Now the Pratt man said, "It can't be the engine
'Cause that engine never chugs."
So upon examination, pulling blades in every station
They found it was the jet mix sludge.

CHORUS: (Low and Soft--Tune - Funeral March)
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
Oh won't they be excited, Oh won't they be delighted
Just think of what they can buy
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks.

U.S. AIR FORCE HEAVEN (7)

(Big Rock Candy Mountain)

Beside a Korean waterfall one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered bomber plane a poor young pilot lay,
His parachute hung from a tree but he was not yet dead
And as they gathered round him, these were the words he said:

"I'm going to that better land where the motors always roar,
Where the eggnogs grow on eggplants in the Quartermaster's store,
Where there aren't no interceptors and no enemies around;
There'll be apple pie and rock and rye
And the pilots go there when they die
In the U.S. Air Force Heaven."

The pilot lay beside the falls as the medics clustered 'round,
And he said, "It's such a lovely place that's where I am bound."
A crankshaft in his liver and a spark plug on his nose--
He says, "I'm flying fast, my friends, to where every pilot goes."

"I'm going to that better land where the airman rides in style,
Where the automatic pilot works while we sit back and smile,
There's a girl for every officer, a dozen for the crew,
There'll be beds of hay in the old bomb bay,
And the boys will shout out, 'Bombs away!'
In the U.S. Air Force Heaven."

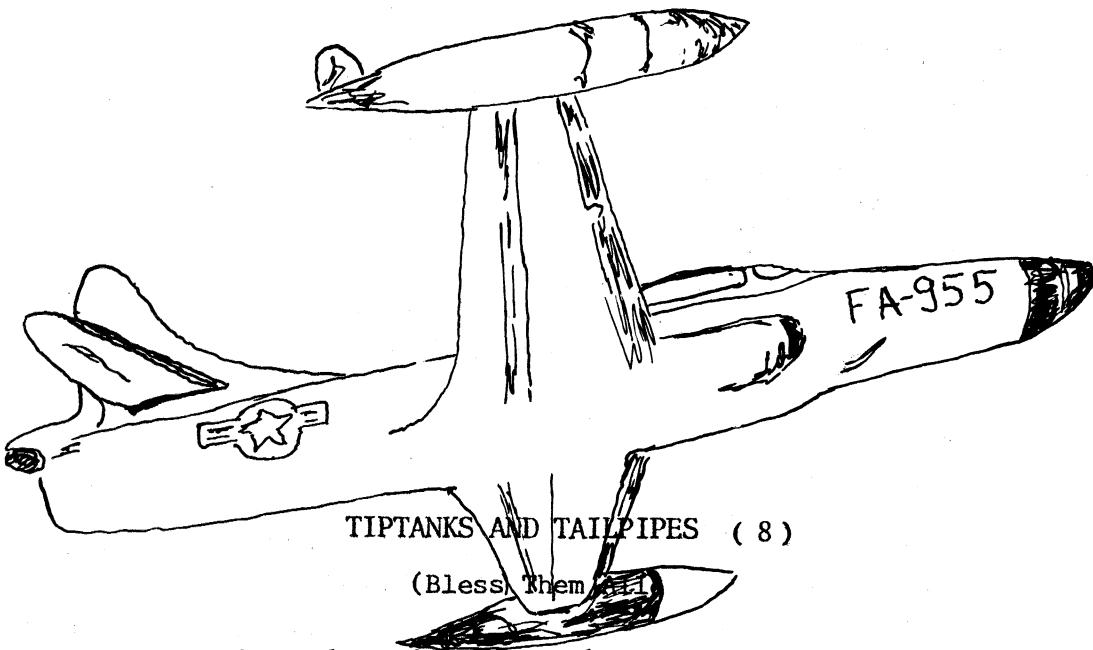
His breath came fast, he couldn't last
With sadness they all eyed him,
The medics wept and the tears rolled down,
The pools flowed down beside him,
The waters rose, they reached his toes,
He floated where he lay
And as he drifted out of sight, his comrades heard him say:

"I'm going to that better land where the flak don't never fly,
Where bullets are all cotton and the shells are apple pie,
Where the clouds are champagne cocktails, And you drink them on the fly,
But it's time to leave, don't you grieve,
I'll be wearing wings on my leather sleeve
In the U.S. Air Force Heaven."

U.S. AIR FORCE HEAVEN
(Continued)

His breath came fast, he couldn't last
With sadness they all eyed him,
The medics wept and the tears rolled down,
The pools flowed down beside him,
The waters rose, they reached his toes,
He floated where he lay
And as he drifted out of sight, his comrades heard him say:

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Where the clouds are champagne cocktails,
And you drink them on the fly,
But it's time to leave, don't you grieve,
I'll be wearing wings on my leather sleeve
In the U.S. Air Force Heaven."



Bless them all, bless them all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

THE PO RIVER VALLEY (9)

(Red River Valley)

To the Po River valley we're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say-so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Po River valley we're going
And I'm flying four in flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as can be
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind
And a Mustang went by like a breeze
And a C-46 with one feathered
Went by towing five L-3's.

To the Po River valley we're going
And many strange sights we will see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the flak that they threw up at me.

OLD NUMBER NINE (10)

Twas a dark and stormy night, not a star was in sight
All the Mustangs were tied down to the line
When in rain up to his ears, stood a lonely volunteer
With his orders to fly old number nine.

His ass was racked with pain as he climbed into his plane
And his bung hole was puckered fit to tie
And he whispered a prayer as he climbed into the air
For he knew that this was his night to die.

As he flew o'er Haga-ru he could see a school or two
And the women and children very well
But how was he to know that he'd fly so Goddamned low
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell.

In the wreck he was found thinly spread out on the ground
And the crunchies they raised his weary head
With his life almost spent here's the message that he sent
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead.

I used an 8 to 10 delay but it didn't work out that way
Without a tail an F4U won't fly
Tell the Skipper for me, that he now has twenty-three
He can roll up the ladder---Semper Fi.

HISTORY OF A SONG

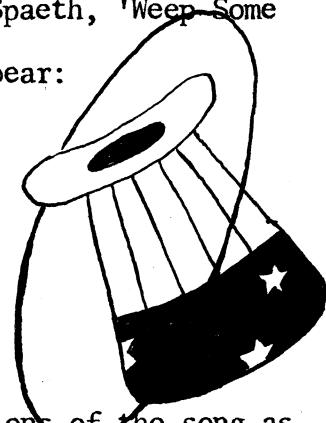
The following example is offered to show how a song has remained consistently popular with the troops for over forty years.

"The Passing Pilot," as it was called in the First World War, is a universal favorite today under the title "Beside a Korean (Guinea) Waterfall." The best explanation of its origin I have been able to find appears in the introduction to John P. Marquand's book, "So Little Time."

Mr. Marquand says: ". . . a song about 'looking for a happy land where everything is bright' has been used frequently and is seldom quoted in exactly the same way, since it was a parody fashioned in the First World War and still, as far as can be discovered, is word-of-mouth. It was parodied from a song, 'The Dying Hobo' which appears in the anthology by Sigmund Spaeth, 'Weep Some More, My Lady.'"

On page 548 of "So Little Time" the following lines appear:

"We're going to a happy land
Where everything is bright
Where the highballs grow on bushes
And we stay out every night
Where you never lift a finger
Nor even darn your socks
And little drops of Haig and Haig
Come trickling down the rocks."



On this and the following two pages are presented versions of the song as sung in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War. Similar versions also appear in the following collections: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "Songs of the 325th," "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Songs of Nellis AFB."

THE PASSING PILOT I (11)

Beside a Belgian water tank one cold and wintry day
Beneath his busted engine a young observer lay
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole but not entirely dead
And he listened to the last words this young observer said:

Oh, I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
Where handouts grow on bushes and they stay out late at night
You do not have to work at all nor even change your socks
And drops of Johnny Walker come trickling thru the rocks.

The pilot breathed his last few gasps before he passed away
I'll tell you how it happened, the flippers fell away
The motor wouldn't work at all, the ailerons flivered to
A shot went thru the gas tank and let the gas leak thru.

The spirits left their bodies and as they upward flew
Said pilot to the observer I'll tell you what we'll do
We'll get old Pete to give us wings and back to earth we'll fly
And we'll haunt those god-damned Ki-wis until the day they die.

(Songs of the Army Flyers)

BENEATH A BRIDGE IN SICILY (12)

Beneath a bridge in Sicily, one cold and wintry day,
Beside a busted fighter plane the former pilot lay;
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head
And he listened to the dying words his young observer said;

We're going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night.
You never have to work at all, nor even change your socks
And little drops of whiskey come trickling down the rocks.

The pilot breathed these last few words before he passed away:
I'll tell you how it happened: my flippers didn't stay,
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,
A bullet ripped the gas tank and the oil came oozing through.

Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,
Where the eggnogs grow on eggplants and the pilots grow a bun
They have no interceptors, no Junkers thirty-four,
And little frosted juleps are served at every store.

The observer said to the pilot, as heavenward they flew;
Now, when we see St. Peter, I tell you what we do:
We'll get ourselves some brand new wings and back to earth we'll fly
To haunt the goddam Jerries until the day they die!

Oh, we're going to a better land, they jazz there every night
The cocktails grow on bushes, so everyone stays tight;
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,
And Scotch or Rye or Bourbon keep running down the rocks.

("GI SONGS")

BENEATH A KOREAN WATERFALL (13)

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"We're going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
Play poker every night!
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, Oh! Death, where is thy sting!"

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh, death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling
For you but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye!

("Songs of the 357th Fighter Squadron")

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES (14)

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink in our comrades' eyes:
One cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! Ha! Let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless here is the wise:
One cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

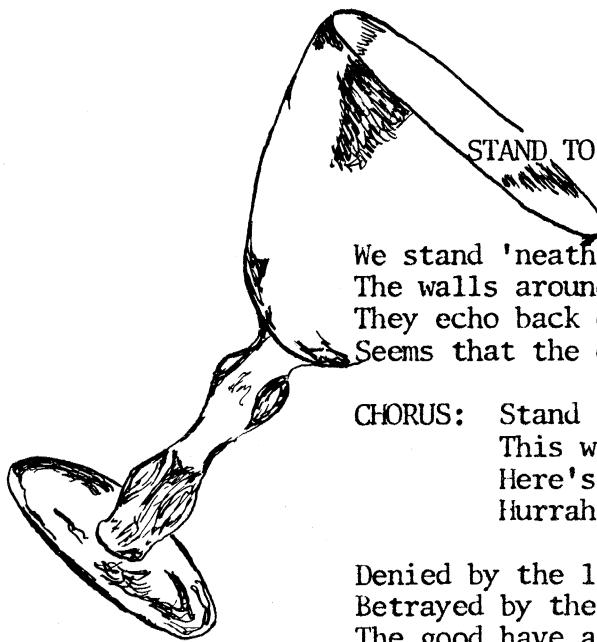
This is, perhaps, the original of STAND TO YOUR GLASSES. Not a pilot's song, it was probably written in India during a plague epidemic.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
Come, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys.
A cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?
No, stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies:
A cup to the dead already--
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind--
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize:
One cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!



STAND TO YOUR GLASSES (15)

We stand 'neath resounding rafters
The walls around are bare
They echo back our laughter
Seems that the dead are all there.

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
Here's a health to the dead already
Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here.

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With a trail of smoke behind us
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Camel
With wings of wood and steel
For mortal stakes we gamble
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

(Verses of this song appear as part of several other songs included in this collection. This is believed to be close to the original song which came out of the first world war, and is copied in its entirety from "Songs of the Army Flyers.")



STAND TO YOUR GLASSES (16)

A poor aviator lay a-dying
At the end of a bright summer's day
And his comrades were gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

Oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone
And his engine was wrapped round his head
And he wore a spark plug on each elbow
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
As he stirred in the sump where he lay
And to his surrounding comrades
These brave parting words he did say:

"I'll be riding a cloud in the morning
With no Merlin before me to course
So come along, and get busy
Another lad now wants the hearse.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again."

With rusted fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem
We fly these worn out Mustangs
Against the MIG-fifteen.

Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here.

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world full of lies
Here's a toast to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")



(This song has been handed down from the first world war. Three versions of it will be found in this book. Today, however, it is usually sung in the form shown below, which is sung by the 20th Fighter Wing and appears in the following song collections: "Songs of the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing," "Songs of the 325th Fighter-Int. Squadron")

BOOZIN' BUDDIES (17)

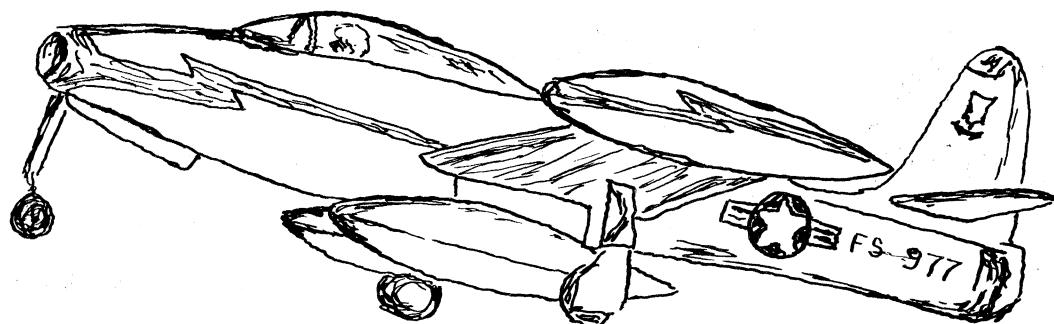
A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said:

"Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the boys they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about!

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'"



THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN (18)

A handsome young airman lay dying
And as on the airdrome he lay
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crank-shaft out of my backbone,
And assemble the engine again."

(From "The American Songbag" edited by Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg says about this World War I song; "One of the several in the R.W. Gordon collection, this version ... is from Abbe Niles who comments on how landlubber songs often are in active duty on the high seas and vice versa. 'Any living tune is a jack of all trades. This variant of Tarpaulin Jacket ten years ago (1917) on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original.' ")

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING (19)

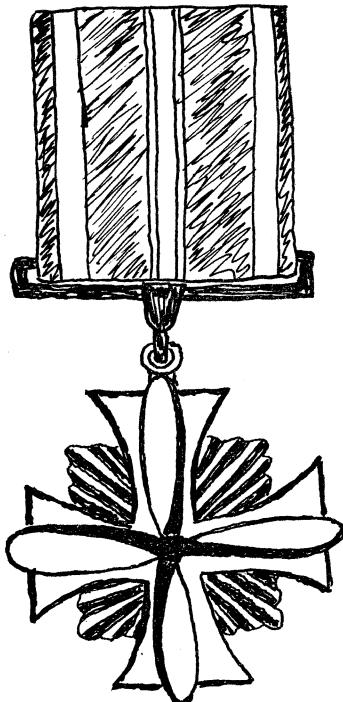
A poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a bright summer day
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

His airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His engine was wrapped round his head;
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
To mechanics who round him came sighing,
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again! "



(This version, with one or two minor changes, appears in the following books:
"GI SONGS," "Songs of SOC," "Songs of the Army Flyers")

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT (20)

(Tune: Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an Aviator
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the Aviator
I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the Aviator
I know a strut, I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel-roll and a spin
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden.
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden.

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator
I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin, roared Bill, the Aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden.

("The Three Hats," Volume II)

BLACKBIRDS (21)

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground
We won't take off till the sun goes down
We fly blackbirds . . .
Go in low and come out fast,
keep those fighters off our . . . necks
We fly blackbirds.

No one here can ever understand us
You should hear the malarky they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Blackbirds we fly.



I WANTED WINGS (22)

I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things,
Now I don't want them any more,
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die,
Well, I've had a belly full of war;
You can save those bloody Zeroes for the other goddamned heroes,
Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster...

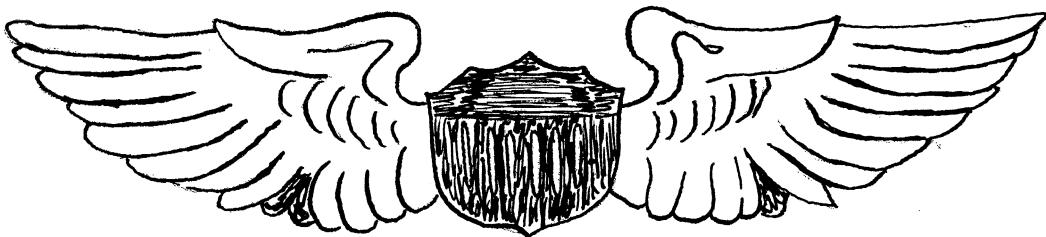
I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things
Now I don't want them any more.

Yes, I'll take the dames let the rest go down in flames,
I have no desire to be burned;
Air combat spells romance till they shoot holes in my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned;
You can save the Mitsubitsis for the other songs of witches,
I'd rather make a woman than be shot down in a Grumman, Buster...

Now I'm too young to die in a lousy PBY,
That's for the eager not for me,
I don't trust in my luck to be picked up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea;
Yes, I'd rather be a tarrier than a flyer on a carrier
With my hand around a bottle, you can keep your goddamned throttle,
Buster...

I do not care to tour over Berlin and the Ruhr,
Flak always makes me lose my lunch,
I get an urge to pray when they holler, "Bombs away..."
I'd rather be at home with the bunch;
For there's one thing you can't laugh off,
When they shoot your tailpipe half-off,
I'd rather be home buster with my tail than with a cluster, Buster...

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow,
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew,
The rumor has it next they'll be dehydrating sex
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through;
For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back of strangers
But when I get home late I want my woman straight, Buster...



WRECK OF THE OLD '97 (23)

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last one was a fifty-one D.

She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near.

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."

~~US AIR FORCE~~
~~48 He was headed for Taejonju and from there to Chinhae~~
~~And he had to make that flight~~
~~So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance~~
~~I will get there sometime tonight.~~

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu Airstrip
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

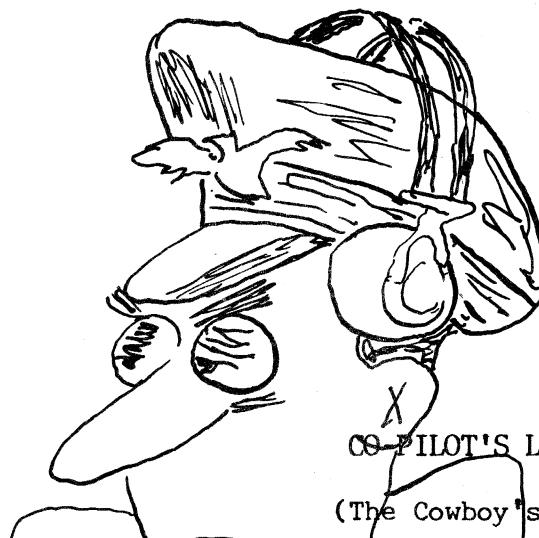
He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back!

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")



CO-PILOT'S LAMENT (24)

(The Cowboy's Laments)

I'm the co-pilot, I sit on the right,
It's up to me to be quick and bright
I never talk back, but I'll have regrets
And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring.

I take the readings and adjust the power,
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,
Tell where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light.

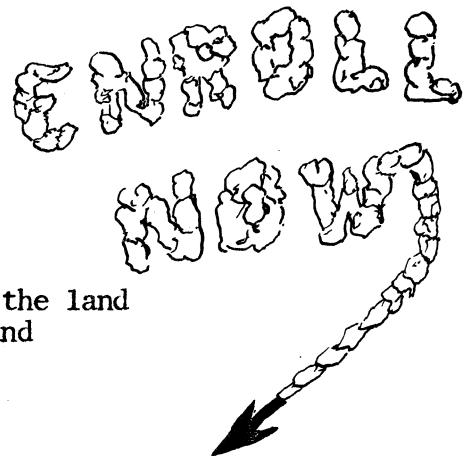
I call for my captain and buy him Cokes
I always laugh at his corny jokes,
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with "Gawd, but it's gusty!"

All in all, I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge
But maybe some day with great understanding
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

("The Three Hats," Vol. II)

PUSAN U (25)
(Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming round the countryside
'Twas down near Pusan Bay
We stepped into a local bar
To pass the time away.
I met a gal from old Chin Ju
She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from
and she said, "Pusan U."



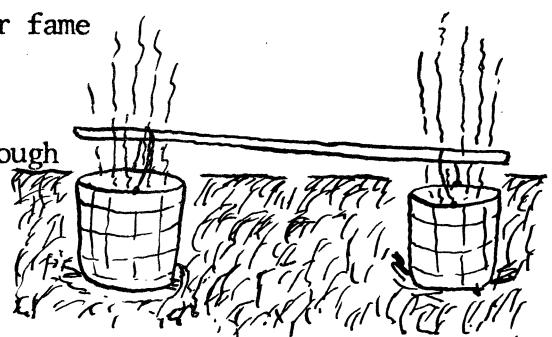
CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The University that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan U, to you.

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honeybuckets
So they called it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific
But fortune saw me through
So now I lift this glass
To the school of Pusan U.

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers
A frames, ox carts pulled by steers
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan U, to you.

I saw a girl most beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest
She was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes her fame
She says, "Oh Pusan U."

We have an A-1 baseball team
We will our games straight through
They ask us where we come from
And we say, "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good too
And every time we come to bat
The crowd yells, "Pusan U!"

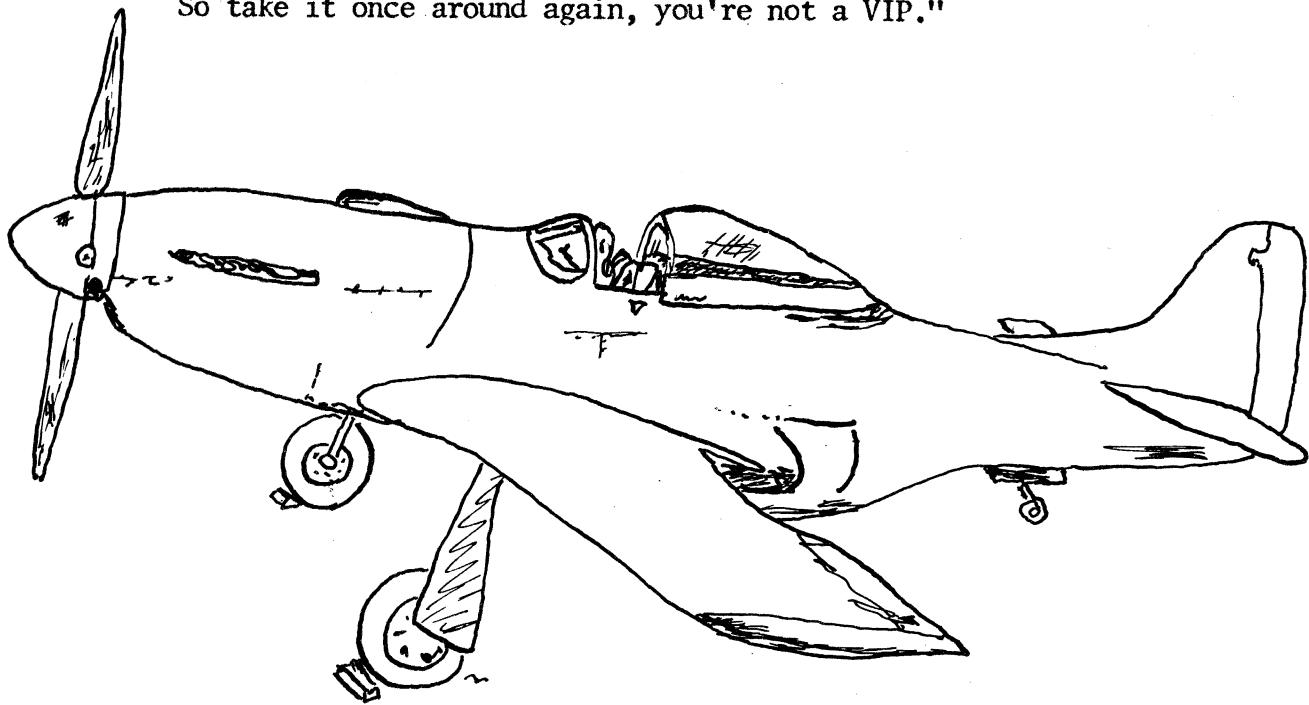


("Pusan U" seems to have originated with the Korean warriors and was evidently a universal favorite. It appears in the following song books, "Songs of the Friendly 8th," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Repulsive Rhapsodies")

ITAZUKE TOWER (26)

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun;
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1,
You'd better get the crash crew out and get them on the run."

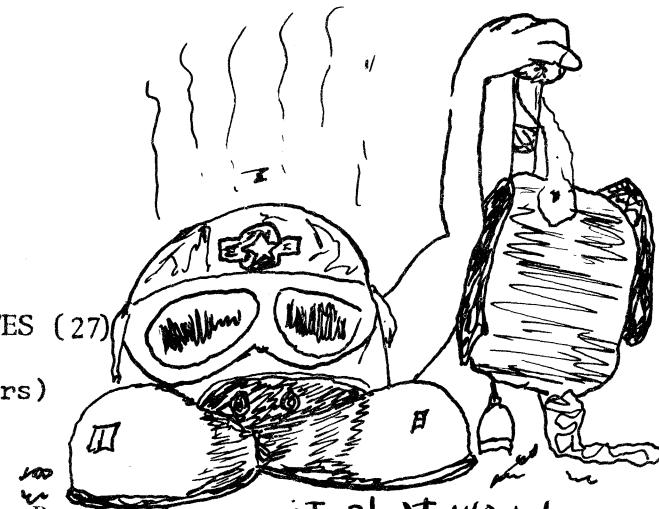
"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out, this is their coffee hour;
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see,
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."



"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on my final, I'm running on one lung,
I'm gonna land this Mustang no matter what you say,
I'm gonna get my charts squared up before that Judgment Day."

"Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't got the power,
We'll send a note through channels and wait for the reply,
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done;
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade,
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed."



"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES (27)

(Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane *IT DIDN'T WORK!*
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery!

CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do!

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies" and "GI SONGS")

Cigareets and sake and wild, wild josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigareets and sake and wild, wild josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Now, once I was happy, I had a dear wife,
I had enough yen for to last all my life,
I met with a josan, we went on a spree
She started me smokin' and drinkin' sake.

I got into bed then, some sleep for to get,
She said, "No sleep, flyboy, I no tired yet."
Well, I woke the next morning a quarter past ten,
I was missing my wallet and ten thousand yen.



Now back in Chitose I'm limping about,
Me and the doctor are sweating it out,
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf,
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.



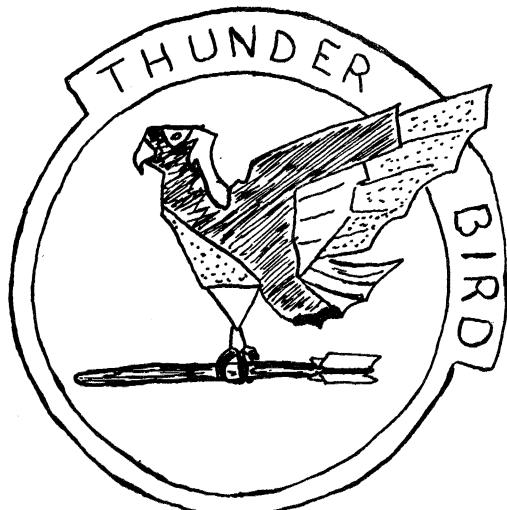
SIDI SLIMANE (29)

Now gather round closely, I'll sing this refrain
'Bout life in Morocco here at Sidi Slimane;
There's not enough women to grace this bare land
But there's plenty of flea bites, of dung heaps and sand.

The heat in the daytime will wither your soul,
And through the long evenings you will shiver with col',
It's so dirty and sticky with the heat and the smell,
You'll think you've been buried and you've gone straight to hell.

Each pilot then swears he has been wrongly assigned,
And the Air Force commander has gone out of his mind,
While he sits there a-sweating wondering why he is here
The salt from his tear drops makes his whiskey taste queer.

And the boys you will notice who take it so hard
Are the recalled reservists and the Air National Guard;
But with all of their whining, there's one thing that's clear,
Sure, it's rough in Morocco, but it's death in Korea.



AIR FORCE 801 (30)

(Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coulant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

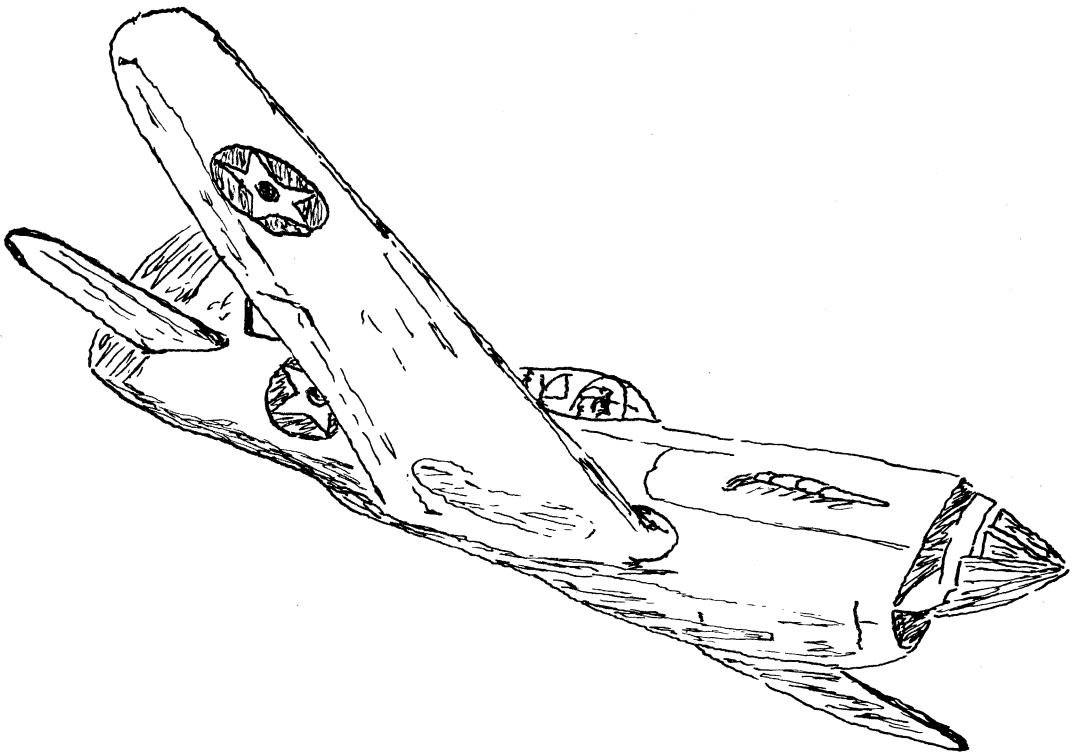
Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun
My engine's runnin' ragged, and the coulant's gonna blow,
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before that Judgment Day.

Air Force 801, this is Judgment Day
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell.

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing"
by Capt. William F. "Romeo" McCrystal)



GIVE ME OPERATIONS (31)

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give a P-38.

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground loving whore
She'll whine moan and wheeze and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89, Tho TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B
She's fast I don't care, show blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on the floor
And we'll go fat-cattin' from here to Manhatten
Don't give me a C-54.

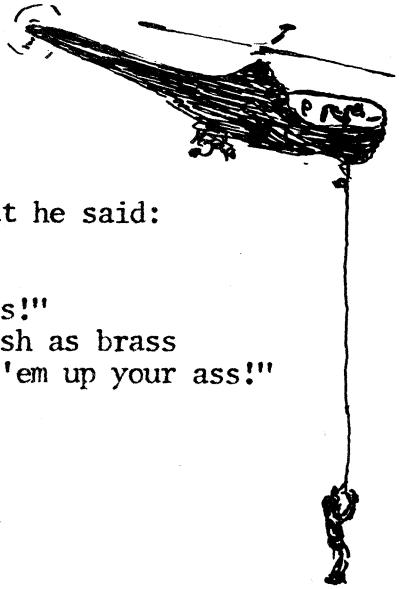
Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive
The Mig 15's chase em, they soon will erase em,
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a one-double-0, the bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-0.

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (32)

(Throw a Nickel on the Drum)



It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____, and this is what he said:
I hate this God damn place!

Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all
Mustangs, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted, "Balls!"
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those God Damn Mustangs Jack, and shove 'em up your ass!"

CHORUS: Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh, won't you save me sir?"
Got two big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight
I turned into the final, my engine gave a wheeze
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go _____
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - I am too young to die!



I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollux for breakfast till I die!

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

AIR CORPS LAMENT (33)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Corps gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory Flying Regulations

Have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks one
The Air Corps gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Corps gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell.

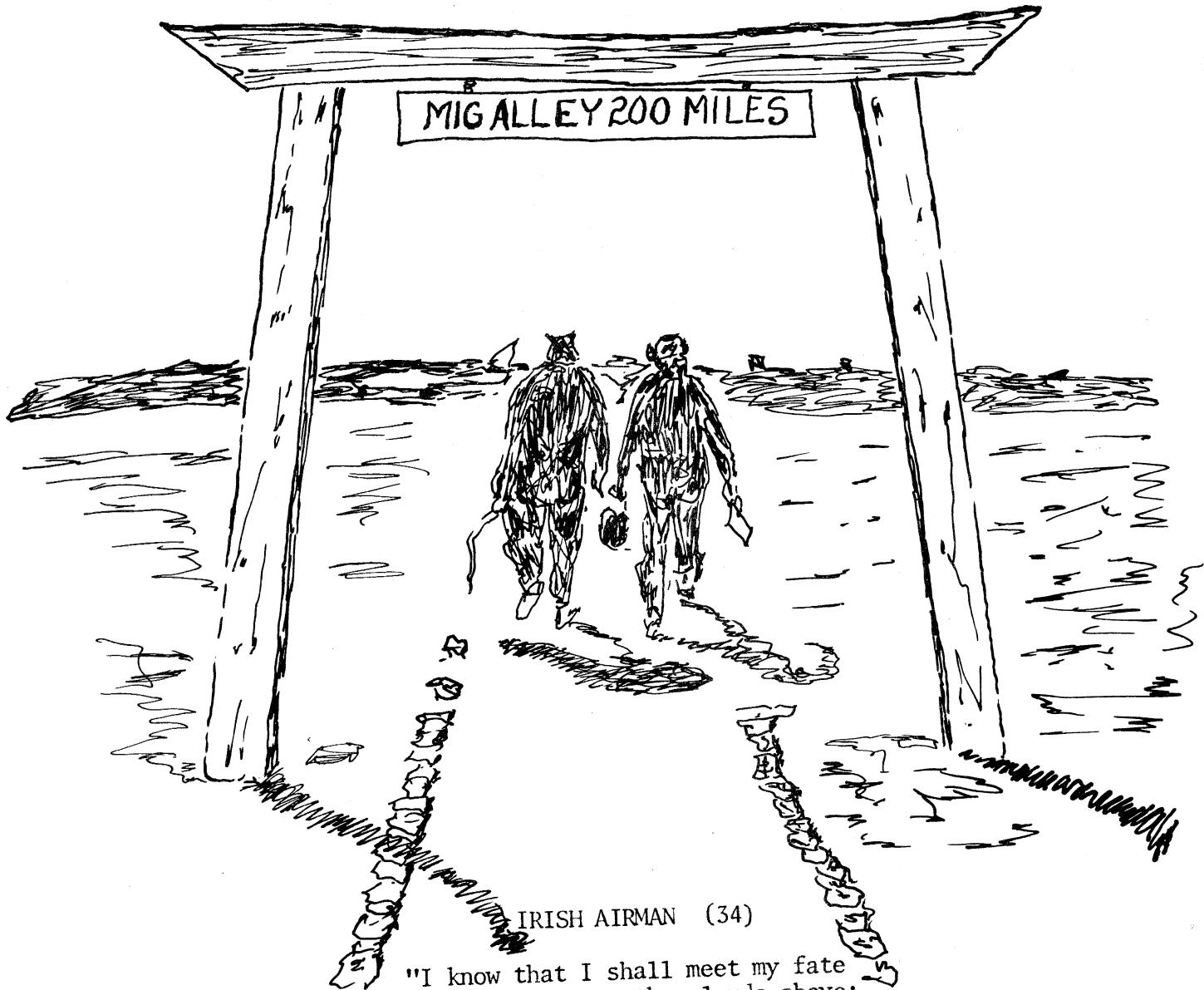
They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell.

Yes, the lordly flying Fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell.

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal
And it won't climb for hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Corps gone to hell.

("Songs of the 357th FIS")



IRISH AIRMAN (34)

"I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those I fight I do not hate
Those I guard I do not love....
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight
Nor public men - nor cheering crowds
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds
I balanced all, brought all to mind
The years to come seem waste of breath
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death."

(An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

by William Butler Yeats)



AIR FORCE HYMN (35)

(Quebec)

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Thro' the great spaces of the sky
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storms or sunshine fair.

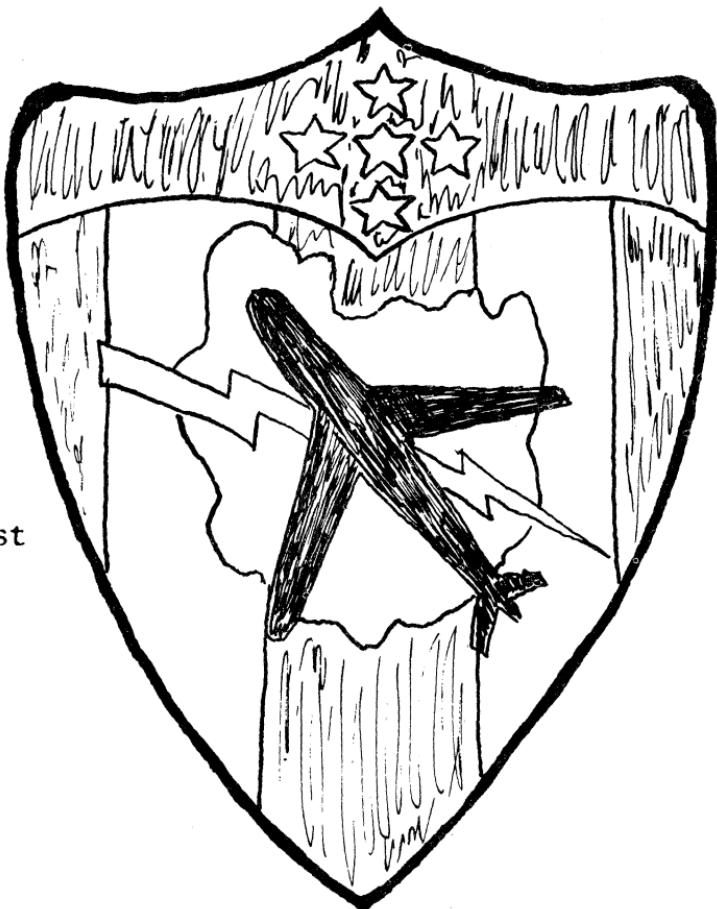
Thou who doth keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land;
Grant steadfast eye and skillful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space,
Uphold them with Thy saving grace
O God, protect the men that fly
Thro' lonely ways beneath the sky.

(Words by Many Hamilton, 1915.
Copied from AIR FORCE TIMES,
16 October 1954)

YE
OLDE
131st



THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD (36)

There was a little bird
No bigger than a turd--
Sitting on a telegraph pole.
Oh he ruffled up his neck
And he shit about a peck.
Then he puckered up
His little ass hole.

CHORUS:

Ass Hole, Ass Hole
Ass Hole, Ass Ho-le
Oh he puckered up
His little ass hole.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

As previously mentioned most of the songs in this book were stolen directly from the 1956 "Stovepipe Serenade" compiled at the World Wide Rocketry Meet at Vincent Air Force Base, Airzona. I thank the editor, one Logan Bentley, and his list of contributors and ask if they ever see this that they feel that a spark has been rekindled.

Songs of SEA come primarily from the 355th TFW River Rat Song Book, Takhli, Thailand, November, 1967. Most of the songs in the last section, AND OTHER THINGS, are from the 2nd edition of the 523rd TFS Fighter Pilot's Songbook.

A reference listing for additional reading and singing follows.

"Songs of the Army Flyers," published 1937 by Order of the Dadelians
"Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Wing" compiled 1952 by Willy Williams
"Songs of the Friendly 8th" compiled by the 8th Bomb Squadron, 3d Bomb Wing, Korea
"Songs of Squadron Officers Course," compiled 1953
"Songs of 325th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron," compiled 1954 at Hamilton Air Force Base, California. (325th has been re-designated 83d FIS)
"Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" compiled 1952 by Capt. George S. Thomas
"Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" published by 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing, Korea
"Songs of the 327th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron," compiled by Mr. Penny Bowers, North American Aviation, Korea
"Songs of Nellis Air Force Base" contributed by Lt. Jim Guffey
"The Three Hats," Volumes I and II
"GI SONGS," published by Sheridan House, N.Y., 1944
"The American Songbag" published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, N.Y., 1927
"So Little Time" published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1943



AND OTHER THINGS

As Dick Clarke says in the introduction to "OTHER PLACES", some of today's Stag Bar songs are pretty weak. Here are some of the better ones; worthy of the worthies from Luke and Nelliis; from Spang and Wheelus; from Takhli, Korat, and Udorn; from Cam Ranh, Da Nang, and Bien Hoa.

For the classic Sammy Small, et al, see the STAG BAR SUPPLEMENT.

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LILI MARLENE (1)

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
She waits for the boy who marched away
And though he's gone she hears him say
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare the well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare the well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
For this is the place a vow was made
And breezes sing her serenade
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare the well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare the well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And there in the lamp light it is said
A halo shines above her head
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare the well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare the well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
As they go marching to the fray
The soldiers all salute and say
We'll tell him you've been true
Fare the well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare the well, Lili Marlene.

THE LADY IN RED, or O'LEARY'S BAR (2)

"Twas a cold winter's evening,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar.
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the
copper
And these are the words that he said,

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know.
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go, mostly come.
Now age has wilted her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar.
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys
And let her sleep under the bar.

HAIL BRITTANIA! (3)

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Three french crackers up your asshole,
Bam! Bam! Bam!

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Two french crackers up your asshole,
Bam! Bam!

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
One french cracker up your asshole,
Bam!

THE MOUSE (4)

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor
And the bar was closed for the night,
When out of his hole a little mouse crept
And he sat in the pale moonlight.
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat,
And all night long you could hear him roar,
"BRING ON THE GODDAMN CAT!!!!"

AURALEE (5)

As the blackbirds in the spring
'Neath the willow tree
Sat and piped the song they sang,
Singing Auralee.
Auralee, Auralee, maid with golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee
And shadows in your hair.

FATHER'S GRAVE (6)

(Piccadilly Underground)

O, they're digging up father's grave
to build a sewer,
And they're going at the job
at no expense.
They're disturbing his remains
To make the way for outhouse drains
To satisfy some brand new resident.
Gor Blimey.

Now father in his day was
never a quitter.
I don't suppose he'll be
a quitter now.

He'll dress up in white sheets,
And haunt those outhouse seats,
And no one there will sit but he allows.
Gor Blimey.

Now won't there be some
bloody constipation.
And won't those bloody bastards
rant and rave
Which is more than they deserve
For having the bloody nerve
To bugger about with a British
workman's grave.

BEER, BEER, BEER (7)

Oh, it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Corps, in the Corps.
Oh, it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Corps.

CHORUS

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me.

Whiskey-that makes you feel so frisky
Gin-that makes you want to sin
Vodka-that makes you feel you oughta
Sautern-that makes your belly burn
Vermouth-that makes you feel uncouth
Wine-that makes you feel so fine
Rum-that makes you feel so dumb
Brandy-that makes you feel so dandy
Likker-that makes you even sicker
Sherry-that makes you feel so hairy

LET'S HAVE A PARTY (8)

Parties make the world go round,
World go round, world go round.
Parties make the world go round,
So, LET'S HAVE A PARTY!!!

We're going to tear down the bar in the Club!

BOO!!

We're going to build a new bar!

RAY!!

It's only going to be one foot wide!

BOO!!

But, it'll be a mile long!

RAY!!

There'll be no bartenders in our club!

BOO!!

We're going to have barmaids!

RAY!!

Our barmaids will wear long dresses!

BOO!!

Made out of cellophane!

RAY!!

You can't take our barmaids home!

BOO!!

They'll take you home!

RAY!!

You can't sleep with our barmaids

BOO!!

They won't let you sleep!

RAY!!

Beer's going to be 50¢ a glass!

BOO!!

Whiskey's free!

RAY!!

Only one to a customer!

BOO!!

Served in buckets!

RAY!!

We're going to throw all the beer in the river!

BOO!!

Then we'll all go swimmin'!

RAY!!

No girls allowed above the first floor!

BOO!!

With their clothes on!

RAY!!

There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor!

BOO!!

And no dancin' on the lovin' floor!

RAY!!

Parties make the world go round,
World go round, world go round.
Parties make the world go round,
So, LET'S HAVE A PARTY!!!

RYE WHISKEY (9)

For work I'm too lazy
And begging's too slow,
Train robbing's too dangerous
To gambling I'll go,

CHORUS

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry
If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die

Sometimes I drink whiskey
Sometimes I drink wine,
O'ten thousand bottles,
I've killed in my time.

I'm a ridin' old Paint,
I'm a leadin' old Dan,
Good-by, gentle Annie,
I'm off for Cheyenne.

The last time I saw her
Was late in the fall
She was swingin' on a corner
at a Masquerade ball.

I've no wife to quarrel with,
No little babies to bawl
The best way of livin'
is no wife at all.

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry
If I don't get rye whiskey, rye whiskey
I surely will, surely will die.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE (10)

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL (11)

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
There they decided that; there they decided that;
There they decided that they'd have another flagon.

CHORUS: Oh, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over.
Oh, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merry, merry be;
For tonight we'll merry, merry be;
For tonight we'll merry, merry be;
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober
Here's to the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober,
He falls as the leaves do fall, falls as the leaves do fall,
He falls as the leaves do fall, he'll die before October!

CHORUS: Here's to the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow
Here's to the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow
He lives as he ought to live, he lives as he ought to live;
He lives as he ought to live, and he'll die a jolly fellow!

CHORUS: Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother
She's a foolish, foolish thing, she's a foolish, foolish thing;
She's a foolish, foolish thing, she'll never get another!

CHORUS: Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another
She's a boon to all mankind, she's a boon to all mankind;
She's a boon to all mankind, she'll be a fruitful mother!

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME (12)

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode.

TITANIC (13)

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and when they had it through
They thought they had a ship, that the water would never come through.
But the Lord Almighty's hand said the ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, Oh, it was sad
It was sad when that great ship went down
To the bottom of the ---
Husbands and wives, little bitty children lost their lives
Oh, it was sad when that great ship went down.

'Twas on a Tuesday morn, they were nearing England's shore
And the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put the poor below where they were the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went down.

They were nearing England's shore and were heading for the dock
When the old ship Titanic began to reel and rock
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Then the ship began to list, and the lights began to flicker
And a drunk cried out, "My God, where is my likker?"
So they brought out the bottle and they passed it all around
It was sad when that great ship went down.

They swung the lifeboats out, o'er the dark and stormy sea
And the band struck up with Nearer My God To Thee
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side
It was sad when that great ship went down.

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW (14)

CHORUS:

They call it that good old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug
With that good old mountain dew.

There's an old hollow tree, down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go around the bend, and when you come back again
Your jug is full of that good old mountain dew.

My brother Bill, has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smelling that good old mountain dew.

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW (14)

(Continued)

Now my cousin Mort, he is sawed off and short
Only measures bout four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

My old aunt Jane, bought some brand new perfume
And it had such a sweet smelling phew
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed
It was nothing but good old mountain dew.

The flask gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick
When you've been on a rail cut or two
But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort
Of that good old mountain dew.

WALTZING MATILDA (15)

Once a jolly swagman camped by the brill-along
Under the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

CHORUS: Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited for his billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billalang
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode a squatter mounted on his thoroughbred
Up rode his troops, one, two, three
Where's that jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the brillalang
You'll never catch me alive said he
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the brillalang
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT (16)

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a cowpuncher all wrapped up in white linen
All wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the death march as you carry me along,
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy
These words he did say as I slowly stepped by,
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
Then I first took to drinking and then took to gambling
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

Let sixteen gamblers come carry my coffin
Let six pretty maidens come sing me a song
Take me to the graveyard, there roll the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly
And bitterly wept as we bore him along
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young, and handsome
We all loved our comrade altho' he'd done wrong.

DINAH (17)

We've been working on the railroad,
All the live long day,
We've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
At night or early in the morn,
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Oh, Dinah, blow your horn.

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your hor-or-orn.
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know, I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strumming on the old banjo.

Singing fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O
Fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O-O-O-O
Fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O
Strumming on the old banjo.

VIRGIN STURGEON (18)

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad Roe comes from a scarlet shad fish
Shad fish have a very sad fate
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish
Got that way without a mate.

Oysters they are fishy bivalves
They have youngsters in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do, so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
With her lovers winning way
First he grips her with his flipper
Then he flips the grips for days.

I fed caviar to my girl friend
She was a virgin tried and true
Now that virgin needs no urgin'
There ain't nothin' she won't do.

I fed caviar to my grandpa
He was a man of ninety three
Screams and shrieks were heard from grandma
He had chased her up a tree.

I fed caviar to my grandma
She soon came down out of that tree
Now my grandma and my grandpa
Start to raise a family.

I fed some caviar to my rooster
I fed some caviar to my cow
Now the barnyard sure looks funny
All the cows have feathers now.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO (19)

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt, she said, and felt her I did
I did, but I don't anymore.

cake - layer
lamp - floor
birds - love

glue - paste
cream - massage
girdle - rubber

food - pet
razor - injector
scarf - neck

WHIFFENPOOF SONG (20)

To the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well
Sit the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well
"Shall I wasting" and "Mavournee" and the rest
We are poor little lambs who have lost our way
Baa, baa, baa
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
God have mercy on such as we
Baa, baa, baa.

STAG BAR
SUPPLEMENT
to
SONGS OF SEA, AND OTHER PLACES, AND OTHER THINGS

Everything in this world has its time and place. The time and place for these songs is Happy Hour in the Stag Bar. Remember, you can't say, "FUCK!" in the Main Bar. Happy Singing.

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We might as well start out with the all time favorite--just remember, you can't say "FUCK!!" in the Main Bar!

SAMMY SMALL (1)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all
So, fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
They say I shot him dead
With a piece of fucking lead
Through his silly fucking head
Well, fuck 'em all.

They say I'm gonna swing
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
From a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing
So, fuck 'em all.

The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his bung
So, fuck 'em all.

The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
For his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass
So, fuck 'em all.

The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
With his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do
So, fuck 'em all.

(softly and with feeling)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud--(shout)--FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

I LOVE MY WIFE (2)

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly.
I love the hole that she pisses through.
I love her tits, tiddly-its, tiddly-its
And her little brown asshole.
I'd eat her shit-gobble, gobble,
Chomp, chomp
With a rusty spoon.

(This is, without a doubt, a Doubtful
Classic.)

SALLY (4)

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man.
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders,
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

MARY ANN BURNS (3)

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats.
She can do tricks that would give a cat the shits.
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Do a double flip and catch 'em on her tits.
A great big sonofabitch twice as big as me,
Got hair on her ass like the branches on a tree.
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Fly a plane, drive a truck.
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

ADELINE SCHMIDT (5)

There was a young maiden
named Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor
'cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine
wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window
and out went her ass.

CHORUS

It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
Brown, brown,
shit all around.
It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
My God, how that
poor girl could shit.

A handsome young copper
was walking his beat.
He happened to be
on that side of the street.
He looked up so bashful,
he looked up so shy,
When a piece of brown shit
hit him right in the eye.

This handsome young copper
he cussed and he swore.
He called that young maiden
a dirty old whore.
And on Brooklyn Bridge
you can still see him sit
With a sign 'round his neck
saying, "Blinded by Shit."

It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
Brown, brown,
shit all around.
It was brown, brown,
shit falling down.
His life it was ruined
by shit, shit, shit, shit.

HORSE SHIT (6)

What makes this song is the derisive, sneering
last line of each verse.

There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown,
Until he fucked a girl from our town.
Fucked a girl from our town.
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
And then he twisted out her maidenhead.
Twisted out her maidenhead.
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
And then he shoved it in clear up to there.
Shoved it in clear up to there.
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
And then he missed her cunt and split
the stump.
Missed her cunt and split the stump
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her on the dewy grass,
He laid her on the dewy grass,
He laid her on the dewy grass,
And then he shoved the old boy up her ass
Shoved the old boy up her ass
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
And then he fucked the girl until she died,
Fucked the girl until she died
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
And then he thought he'd have another round
Thought he'd have another round
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit -- HORSE SHIT.

THE THUD (or PHANTOM, or SPITFIRE, or JUG, or SABRE, or . . .) BATTLE HYMN (7)

We fly our fucking Thuds at ten-thousand fucking feet,
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet.
And though we think we're flying south, we're flying fucking north,
And we made our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth!

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah.
On the firth of fucking forth! (insert last line of each verse)

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all thousand feet.
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat.
Though we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking luck,
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking Thuds at ten-thousand fucking feet.
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet.
And though we think we're flying up, we're flying fucking down,
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

SPANISH GUITAR (8)

Oh, the first port of call was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em, made 'em.

CHORUS

Two dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
And a tune on a spanish guitar
Singing--Hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways
Swish, swish
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore
Shit-bang, fuck-stick
Two dollars you pay for a bang up each way
And a tune on a spanish guitar. Plink, plink, plink.

Oh, the next port of call was Boston, Boston.
Where the girls wouldn't screw but we forced 'em, forced 'em.

Oh, the next port of call was Malta, Malta.
Where the girls wouldn't but oughta, oughta,

Oh, the next port of call was Suwon, Suwon.
Where the girls would do it for two won, two won.

Oh, the next port of call was Takhli, Takhli.
Where the girls they would do it for free, for free.

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT (9)

(Sweet Betsy From Pike)

When this base opened and all things were new,
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht."
"I'm Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat."

CHORUS

It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit hot.

Standing or sitting she's good anyway.
That's what the jocks of Korat always say.
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot.
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

A very young jock that first opened her box
Became her pimp and later got shot.
But still couldn't tie the marital knot
To Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She's good in a hammock but better in bed.
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said.
Some left their wives, believe it or not,
For Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,
When they had the honor to lay in her rack.
They never forgot that dirty old twat,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

With F-4C crews she never had trouble
Once she learned how to take them on double.
Though it was daylight, it bothered her not.
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

When she met the Weasels she sure had the knack,
One in the front and the other in back.
She liked this arrangement, it doubled her baht.
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

Major Gordie McLeod loaned me his copy of Chum Chim for this book.

NELLY DARLING (10)

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nelly darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding 'round your pussy,
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So why not make one dear and shove it up your ass.

SAMMY SMALL (SEA VERSION) (11)

0, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
0, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
0, we fly the goddamn plane
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again,
So, Fuck 'em all.

0, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
0, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
0, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink.
LBJ's a goddamn fink,
So, Fuck 'em all.

0, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all
0, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all
0, we bombed MuGia Pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So, Fuck 'em all.

0, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all
0, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all
0, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing,
So, Fuck 'em all.

0, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
0, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
0, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every fucking girl and boy.
What a goddamn fucking joy!
So, Fuck 'em all.

0, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
0, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
0, my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot,
But I think that it's Shit Hot!
So, Fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck 'em all
While I'm hanging in my chute, Fuck 'em all
While I'm tangled in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
Hangs a medal on my root
So FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER (12)

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

CHORUS

Fiddley-I-E, fiddley-I-O
Fiddley-I-E, for the one ball Reilly
Rubba dub dub, jig balls and all
Rubba dub dub, shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the ahir
Then I threw my left leg over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged and shagged--til the fun was over.

There came a knock upon my door.
Who should it be but her goddamn father.
Two horse pistols by his side,
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the hair,
Shoved his head in a pail of water.
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner,
"There goes that dirty son of a bitch,
The one that shagged O'Reilly's daughter."

THE CAMEL (13)

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain, he rides in the gig
It don't go a goddamn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

CHORUS

Singing-toorally, toorally, toorally-a
Toorally, toorally-a
It don't go a goddamn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

The sexual life of the camel
Is greater than anyone thinks.
In moments of amorous passion
He often makes love to the sphinx.

Now the sphinx's posterior organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all.

Oh, why don't the boys down at Harvard
Do like the boys down at Yale.
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams
And here's to streets that they roam,
And here's to their dirty faced bastards,
God bless them, they may be our own.

And here's to old Fort Massachusetts,
And here's to the old Mohawk trail,
And here's to the Indian maidens
Who gave us our first piece of tail.

CATS ON THE ROOF TOP (14)

The hippopotamus, so it seems,
Seldom if ever has wet dreams
But when he does, he comes in streams
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

CHORUS: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
Cats with the syphillis, cats with the piles
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass,
Mama armadillo has an iron bound ass
But, papa armadillo has a prick of brass
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Way down south where the alligators roar,
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore
'Cause all the alligators are too sore
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the elephant is a solitary bloke
Who seldom ever gets a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the ostrich is a funny old dick.
It isn't very often that he dips his wick.
But when he does he dips it quick
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL (15)

An airman told me before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied,
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel--
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel--
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, Enough. I'm satisfied."

But now we come to the bitter bit.
There was no way of stopping it.
She was split from her ass to her tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

NO BALLS AT ALL (16)

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box.
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

CHORUS

No balls, no balls
A very short peter
And no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now mother, dear mother, oh, what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw.
I reached for his pecker, it was very small.
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad.
It was the same trouble I had with your Dad.
There's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice.
And found the results exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

ROLL ME OVER (17)

Now this is number one and the song has just begun.

CHORUS

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew.
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee.
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor.
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh.
Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix.
Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven.
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate.
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine.
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

RING DANG DOO (18)

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans.
Oh, she was young and pretty too,
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo.

A ring-dang-doo, pray, what is that?
It's round and soft like a pussy cat.
It's round and soft and split in two,
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo.

She took me up into her bed.
She placed her tits beneath my head.
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo.

Now six months later she began to swell.
She swelled and swelled 'til she looked
like hell.
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

Her father said, "You filthy whore,
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore.
Pack up your bag and your nighly too
And make a living from your ring-dang-doo.

She went to the city to become a whore.
She hung a sign upon her door.
Five dollars now, nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And the fellers came and the fellers went,
And the price went down to fifteen cents.
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And then one day a son of a bitch,
He had the crabs and the jockey itch,
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol.
Now all you bums and hobos too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo.

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall.
She's learned her lesson and you should too.
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo.

There was a ball, a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir
 Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin' on the moor
 Oh, the King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
 The Queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

CHORUS: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo
 The mon that did it last night, could no do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
 The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb
 Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front
 A wreath of roses around her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
 Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree
 Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
 Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks
 You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks
 They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats
 Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls
 Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.
 They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
 You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

The village idiot he was there, making like a fool
 Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool
 Plowman Jack he was there, the bugger would na dance
 Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

The fiery Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
 He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores
 The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much
 So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with 'is crutch.

The chimneysweep and he was there, we had to put him oot
 For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot
 The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
 He couldna fuck his lassie, so he fucked the letter box.

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
 They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

The village smithy he was there, he wouldn't play the games
 He frigged the lassie fourteen times, before he finally came.
 'Twas the gathering of the clan, and all the lads were there
 A grabbin' all the lassies and friggin' without a care.

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY (20)

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday, her chemise, Gor Blimey
Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday night she gave balls a tweak
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her
And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey.

Call out the army and the navy
Call out the rank and file
Call out the royal territorials
They face danger with a smile
Call out the boys of the old brigade
That made old England free
You can call out me Mother
Me sister and me brother
But for God's sake don't
Call me, Gor Blimey.

CHORUS: I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Picadilly around
Living off the earnings of a high born lady
Don't want a bullet up my arse hole
Don't want me buttocks shot away
I'd rather be in England
In jolly, jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER (21)

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion.

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour.

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver.

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits.

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em.

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard to get twice as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would chase them all over.

THE END
(Back Page blank for your favorites)